

Mary Garter 1626
Cupid's Courtship :
OR
The Celebration
OF A
MARRIAGE
BETWEEN
The God of Love
AND
P S I C H E.

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Roger L'Estrange.

L O N D O N,
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To his loving friend, Mr. S. M.
the Aubour.

Friend, I have read thy *Poem*, full of wit,
A Master-piece, Ile set my seal to it :
Let Judges read, and ignorance be gone :
'Tis not for vulgar thumbs to sweat upon
This learned work : thy Muse flies in her place :
And Eagle-like, looks *Phæbus* in the face.
Let those voluminous Authours that affect
Fame, rather great than good, thy worth reject.
Jewels are small : how 'nlike art thou to those,
That tire out Rhime, and Verse, till they trot Prose ?
And ride the Muses *Pegasus*, poor jade,
Till he be foundred : and make that their trade :
And to fill up the sufferings of the beast,
Foot for themselves three hundred miles at least.
These have no mercy on the Paper rheams,
But produce plays, as School-boys do write theams.
Thou keepst thy Muse in breath, and if men wage
Gold on her head, will better run the stage :
And 'tis more praise, than hadst thou labour'd in't,
To brand the world with twenty such in print.

F. T.

Of my worthy friend, Mr. S. M. upon
his Poem, of *Cupid and Psyche*.

Love and the Soul are two things, both Divine,
And now thy task dear friend, which once was mine.
What I writ was Dramaticall: thy Muse
Was in an Epick strain, which they still use,
Who write Heroick Poems. Thine is such,
Which when I read, I could not praise too much.
The Argument is high, and not within
Their shallow reach to catch, who hold no sin
To tax, what they conceive not: the best minds
Judge trees by fruit, not by their leaves and rinds.
And such can find (full knowledge having gain'd)
In leaden Fables, golden truths contain'd.
Thy subjects of that nature a sublime
And weighty rapture, which being cloath'd in rime,
Carries such sweetness with't, as hadst thou sung
Unto Apollo's Harp, being newly strung.
These, had they issued from another's Pen,
A stranger, and unknown to me, I then
Could not have been so pleas'd: But from a friend,
Whom I might envy, I must now commend.
I am glad I am his fair course thou hast run,
And to see my self so far out done.
Mixt Intimates who mutual love profess,
More's not requir'd, and mine could show no less.

The Argument.

On **T**Here were inhabiting in a certain City a King and Queen, who had three Daughters; the elder two of a moderate and mean beauty, but the youngest was of so curious, so pleasing a feature, and exact symmetry of body, that men esteem'd her generally a goddess, and the *Venus* of the earth. Her Sisters being happily married to their desires and dignities, she onely, out of a super-excellency of perfection, became rather the subject of adoration than *Love*. *Venus* conceiving an offence, and envious of her good parts, incites *Cupid* to a revenge, and severe vindication of his Mother's honour. *Cupid*, like a fine Archer, coming to execute his Mother's design, falls in love with the *Maid*, and wounds himself. *Apollo*, by *Cupid*'s subornation, adjudges her in marriage to a *Serpent*. Upon which, like *Andromeda*, she is left chain'd to a Rock, her marriage being celebrated rather with funeral obsequies than hymenæal solemnities. In this miserable afright she is born far away by the West-wind to a goodly fair House, whose wealth and stateliness no praise can determine. Her Husband in the deadness and solitude of night did oft-times enjoy her, and as he entred in obscurity, so he departed in silence, without once making himself known unto her. Thus she continued for a long season, being onely waited upon by the ministry of the Winds and Voices. Her Sisters came every day to seek and bewail her; and though her Husband did
with

with many threats prohibit her the sight of them, yet natural affection prevailed above conjugal duty, for she never ceased with tears to solicit him, till he had permitted their access. They no sooner arrived, but instantly corrupt her, and with wicked counsel deprave her understanding, infusing a belief that she had married and did nightly embrace a true Serpent; nor are they yet contented to turn the heaven of her security into the hell of suspicion, but with many importunities proceed, exhorting her to kill him, which she also assents unto: Thus credulity proves the mother of deceit, and curiosity the step-mother of safety. Having thus prepar'd for his destruction, the Scene is alter'd, and she acts the Tragedy of her own happy fortunes; for coming with an intent to mischief him, so soon as the light had discovered what he was, she falls into an extremity of love and passion, being altogether ravish'd with his beauty and habiliments; and while she kisses him with as little modesty as care, the burning Lamp drops upon his shoulder, whereupon her Husband furiously awakes, and having with many expostulations abandon'd her falshood, scorns and forsakes her. The *Maid* after a tedious pilgrimage to regain his love and society, *Ceres* and *Juno* having both repulsed her, freely at the last offers up her self to *Venus*, where through her injunctions and imperious commands she is courselly intreated, and set to many hard and grievous tasks; as first, the separation of several grains, with the fetching of the *Stygian water*, and the *Golden fleece*, and the *Box*

of Beauty from *Proserpine* : all which by divine assistance being performed, she is reconcil'd, and in the presence of all the gods married to her Husband : The Wedding is solemnized in Heaven.

The MYTHOLOGY :

OR

Explanation of the Argument.

B*R the City is meant the world : by the King and Queen, God and Nature : by the two elder Sisters, the Flesh and the will : by the last, the Soul, which is the most beautiful, and the youngest, since she is infused after the body is fashioned : Venus, by which is understood Lust, is feigned to envy her, and stir up Cupid, which is Desire, to destroy her ; but because Desire has equal relation both to Good and Evil, he is here brought in to love the Soul, and to be joynd with her, whom also he persuades not to see his face, that is, not to learn his delights and vanities : for Adam, though he were naked, yet he saw it not, till he had eaten of the Tree of concupiscence.*
And

*And whereas she is said to burn him with the
dispumation of the Lamp, by that is understood
that she vomits out the flames of desire which
was hid in her breast; for desire, the more it is
kindled, the more it burns, and makes, as it
were, a blister in the mind. Thus, like Eve, be-
ing made naked through desire, she is cast out of
all happiness, exil'd from her house, and tost
with many dangers: By Ceres and Juno both
repulsing of her is meant, that neither wealth
nor honour can succour a distressed soul: In the
separation of several grains, is understood the act
of the Soul, which is recollection, and the substance
of that act, her fore-past sins: By her going to
Hell, and those several occurrences, are meant
the many degrees of despair: By the Stygian
water, the tears of repentance: and by the Golden-
fleece, her forgiveness. All which, as in the Ar-
gument is specified, being by Divine Providence
accomplish'd, she is married to her Spouse in
Heaven.*

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A
M O R A L P O E M

On the Marriage of
CUPID and PSICHE.

THE FIRST SECTION.



Ruth says of old, and we must owe that
truth

Unto tradition, when the world in
youth,

Which was the Golden Age, brought
forth the Pen,

Love and the *Muses*, which since gave to men

Inheritance of Fame, for these began

At once, and were all coetaneous.

B

A happy season, when the Air was clear ;
 No sickness nor infection did appear,
 No sullen change of seasons did molest
 The fruitful soil, but the whole year was blest
 With a perpetual Spring, no Winter storm
 Did crisp the Hills, nor mildew blast the Corn :
 Yet happier far, in that it forth did bring
 The subject of this Verse, whereof I sing.
 Under the Zenith of Heavens milk-white way,
 Is a fair Country call'd *Lusinia* ;
 'Tis Nature's chiefest Wardrobe, where doth lie
 Her Ornaments of chief variety,
 Where first her glorious Mantle she puts on,
 When through the world she rides procession :
 Here dwell a King and Queen of mighty power,
 Judg'd for their vertues worthy such a Dower.
 They had betwixt themselves three Daughters born,
 Conspicuous for their comeliness and form ;
 The elder two did neither much excel,
 But then the younger had no parallel ;
 Whose lovely cheeks with heavenly lustre shone,
 And eyes were far too bright to look upon :
 Nay, it is credible, though fancies wing
 Should mount above the Orbs, and thence down bring
 Th' Elixar of all beauty, and dispense
 Unto one creature, the whole influence,
 And harmony of the Spheres, it might not dare
 With her for face and feature to compare.
Zeuxis the Painter, who to draw one piece,
 Survey'd the choicest Virgins of all Greece,

Had rested here, his Arr, without this stir,
 Might have been bounded and confin'd in her.
 Look how the spiced fields in *Autumn* smell,
 And rich Perfumes that in *Arabia* dwell;
 Such was her fragrant sweetness. The Sun's Bird,
 The *Phoenix* fled far of, and was afraid
 To be seen near, lest she his pride should quell,
 Or make him seem a common spectacle.
 Nor did the painted *Peacock* once presume
 Within her presence to display his Plume.
 Nor *Rose* nor *Lilly* durst their Silks unfold,
 But shut their leaves up like the *Marigold*.
 They all had been ill-favour'd, she alone
 Was judg'd the Mistress of perfection.
 Her fame spread far abroad, and thither brought
 Thousands, that gazing worship'd her, and thought
 The goddess, whom the green-fac'd Sea had bred,
 And dew of foaming waves had nourished.
Venus her self, regardless of her honour,
 Did live with Mortals. Whosoe'r look'd on her,
 Even most prophane, did think she was divine,
 And grudg'd not to do worship to her shrine.
 For this cause *Venus* Temples were defac'd,
 Her Sacrifice and Ceremonies rac'd;
 Her widow'd Altars in cold ashes mourn'd,
 Her Images uncrown'd, her Groves deform'd:
 Her Rites were all polluted with contempt,
 For none to *Paphos* nor *Cytheros* went.
 This Maid was sole ador'd. *Venus* displeas'd,
 Might in this Virgin only be pleas'd.

The people in the street to her would bow,
 And as she pass'd along would Garlands strow.
Venus at this conceiv'd a jealous ire,
 (For heavenly minds burn with an earthly fire)
 And spake with indignation, What, shall I,
 Mother of Elements, and loftiest skie,
 Beginner of the world, Parent of Nature,
 Pertake mine honour with an earthly creature?
 Shall silly Girls, destin'd to death and fate,
 My high-born name and stile contaminate?
 In vain did then the *Phrygian* Shepherds give
 The Ball to me, when three of us did strive
 Who should excel in beauty, and all stood
 Naked before the Boy, to tempt his blood,
 When they with Royal gifts sought to beguile
 His judgment, I alur'd him with a smile.
 But this usurper of my dignities,
 Shall have but little cause to boast the prize.
 With that she call'd her rash and winged Child,
 Arm'd with Bow, Torch and Quiver; that is wild
 With mischief, he that with his evil ways
 Corrupts all publick discipline, and strays
 Through Chambers in the night, & with false beam
 Or with his stinging Arrows, or with dreams,
 Tempts unto lust, and does no good at all:
 This Child, I say, did *Venus* to her call,
 And stirs him up with words malicious,
 That was by nature too licentious:
 For bringing him where *Psyche* dwelt, for so
 This Maid was call'd, she there unfolds her woe.

And emulous tale. *Cupid*, quoth she, my stay,
 My onely strength and power, whose boundless sway,
 Contemns the thunder of my father *Jove*,
 I here intreat thee by thy Mother's love. (Quiver,
 Those wounding sweets, and sweet wounds of thy
 And hony burnings of thy Torch, deliver
 My soul from grief, revenge me on this Maid,
 And all her boasted beauty see decaid,
 Or else strike her in love with one so poor,
 So miserably lost, stript of all store
 Of means or vertue; so deform'd of limb,
 That none in all the world may equal him.
 To move her son, no flattering words she spar'd,
 But breath'd on him with kisses, long and hard,
 This done, she hastes to the next ebbing shore,
 And with her rosie feet insulting o'r
 The submiss waves, a *Dolphin* she bestrides,
 And on the utmost Billows proudly rides.
 A troupe of *Tritons* were streight sounding heard,
 And rough *Portunus* with his mossy beard,
Salacia heavy with her fishy train,
 And *Nereus* daughters came to entertain
 The Sea-born goddess; some plaid on a shell,
 Some with their garments labour'd to expel
 The scorching heat, and Sun-shine from her face,
 And other some did hold a Looking-glass:
 All these in triumph by the *Dolphin* swam,
 And follow'd *Venus* to the Ocean.
Psiche the while, in this great height of bliss,
 Yet reaps no fruit of all her happiness,

For neither King, nor Prince, nor Potentate,
 Nor any durst attempt her for a Mate,
 But as a polish'd picture her admire,
 And in that admiration cease desire :
 Her Sisters both, whose moderate beauty none
 Did much despise, nor much contemplate on,
 Were to their wishes happily contracted,
 And by two Kings espous'd. *Psyche* distracted
 Because she had no Lover, pensive sat
 In mind and body, and began to hate,
 And curse that beauty, and esteem at nought,
 Which, but was excellent, had no other fault.
Cupid now in a causeless rage was gone
 To whet his Arrows on a bloody stone,
 As if he were t' encounter with some main
 Monster, like *Python*, by *Apello* slain,
 Or *Jove*, or *Titan* lame, or once agen
 Draw the pale Moon down to the *Latmian* Den,
 Or with Love's fire great *Pluto* to annoy,
 For these were works of labour, and the Boy
 Was ignorant, how matters would succeed,
 Or what the fate of Beauty had decreed.
 Therefore he fil'd his Arrows sharp and small,
 To pierce what ever they should meet withall ;
 And vow'd, if cause were, he his shaft, would shiver
 'Gainst *Psyche*'s breast, and empty all his Quiver.
Themis a goddess, whom great *Jove* had sent
 Into the world; for good or punishment,
 As Justice should require, when she did hear
Cupid so proudly boast, again did swear,

That

That *she* his haughty malice would abate,
 And turn the edge both of his *shafts* and *hate*.
 And having thus disarm'd him, ten to one,
 Would change his *fury* to *affection*.
 A clap of *Thunder* all about them shook,
 To ratifie what *Themis* undertook.
 Then both together went, and entring, found
 Fair *Psiche*, with her looks fix'd on the ground.
Honour and *Modesty*, with equal grace,
Simplicity and *truth* smil'd in her face.
 But rising up, their shot from either eye
 Such beams, as did *Love's* senses stupefie.
 And as in this distraction *he* did stand,
He let his *Arrows* fall out of his hand :
 Which *Themis*, laughing, took, and thence convey'd,
 Whilst *Cupid* minding nothing but the *Maid*.
 Then did *he* cry amaz'd, What fence is here ?
 Beauty and Vertue have no other sphere ;
 Her brow's a Castle, and each lip a Fort,
 Where thousand armed Deities resort
 To guard the golden fruit from all surprize,
 Chastly, and safe, as the *Hesperides*.
 Pardon me, *Venus*, if I thee abridge
 Of this unjust revenge ; 'twere sacrilege,
 Beyond *Prometheus* theft, to quench such fire,
 Or steal it from *her* eyes, but to inspire
Cupid's own breast, in all *Love's* spoiles, I yet
 Never beheld so rich a Cabiner.
Love, here for ever, here my heart confine,
 And let me all my Empery resign.

Then looking down, he found himself bereft
 Of his loose Arms, and smil'd at *Themis* theft,
 Because he knew she might as soon abide
 Fire in her bosome, as *Love's* Arrows hide,
 But that they must again with shame be sent,
 And claim for the possession a dear rent :
 Yet one dropt out by chance, and 'twas the best
 Of all the bundle, and the curiousest ;
 The plumes were colour'd azure, white and red,
 The shaft painted alike down to the head,
 Which was of burnish'd gold : this *Cupid* took,
 And in revenge, through his own bosome strook :
 Then, sighing, call'd, You *Lovers* all (in chief)
 Whom I have wrong'd, come triumph at my grief ;
 See, and be satisfi'd for all my sin,
 'Tis not one place that I am pained in,
 My Arrow's venom is dispersed round,
 And beauty's sign is potent in each wound.
 Thus he with pity did himself deplore,
 For never pity enter'd him before.
 Ill as he was, he took his flight, and came
 Unto the Palace of the Sun, whose flame
 Was far inferiour to what *Cupid* felt ;
 And said, Dear *Phæbus*, if I still have dealt
 Like a true friend, and stood thee in some stead,
 When thou for love didst like a shepherd feed
Admetus Cattle, now thine help impart ;
 'Tis not for Physick, though I'm sick at heart,
 That I implore, but through thy skill divine
 The fairest *Pfiche* for my wife assign.

Phœbus assents, and did not long delay
 To make it good by a prophetick way :
 Her Father fearing for the injury
 Offer'd to *Venus* sacred Deiry,
 Consults the *Delphick* Oracle, who thus
 Expounds his mind in terms ambiguous.

The Oracle.

Your Daughter bring to a steep Mountain spire,
 Invested with a funeral attire ;
 Expect no good, but bind her to a stake,
 No mortal Wight her for a wife shall take :
 But a huge venom'd Serpent, that does flie
 With speckled wings, above the starry skie :
 And down again does the whole Earth molest
 With fire, and sword, and all kind of unrest,
 So great in malice, and so strong in might,
 That Heaven and Hell do tremble at his sight.

The King affrighted what this speech should ween,
 Goes slow and sadly home unto his Queen :
 Both ponder in their mind the strange prediction,
 Whether it were a Riddle or a Fiction,
 What gloss it might endure, and what pretence,
 Whether a verbal or a mistick sense.
 Which cast about in vain, they both bewail
 Their Daughters chance, but grief cannot prevail,
 But that she must fulfil the *Delphick* doom,
 Or worser plagues are threatned in the room.

And

And now the pitchy Torches lighted are,
 And for her fa al Marriage they prepare ;
 Songs are to houlings turn'd, bright fire to fume,
 And pleasant Musick to the *Lydian* tune :
 For *Hymen's Saffron* weed that should adorn
 Young blushing Brides, *Psiche* is forc'd to mourn,
 And for her mourning a black Mantle wears,
 With which she gently wipes away her tears.
 Thus all the City wait her in sad wise,
 Not to her wedding, but her obsequies ;
 But whilst her parents vain excuses make,
 And vain delays, thus *Psiche* them bespake :
 Why do you thus with deep-fetch'd sighs perplex
 Your most unhappy age ? why do you vex
 Your spirit which is mine, and thus disgrace
 With fruitless tears your venerable face ?
 Why do you tear your hair, and beat your breast ?
 Are these the hopeful issues, and the blest
 Rewards for beauty ? then ought you lament,
 When all the City with a joyn'd consent
 Did stile me the new *Venus*, and ascrib'd
 Those Honours which to Mortals are deni'd,
 'Twas your ambition first pluck'd on my shame,
 I see and feel my ruine in her name :
 'Tis now too late, we suffer under those
 Deep wounds of envy which the gods impose ;
 Where is the Rock ? why do you linger so ?
 Lead hence, me-thinks I long to undergo
 This happy marriage, and I long to see
 My noble Husband, whatsoe'r he be :

into his arms O let me soon be hurl'd,
 That's born for the destruction of the world.
 This said, each stander by with with hang'd down head
 And mournful pomp the Virgin followed,
 And to the place prefix'd her arms they tie,
 Then houl'ing forth a doleful Elegy,
 Depart from her in tears, wishing from far
 Some winged *Perseus* might deliver her.
Psyche afrighted thus, and they all gone,
 A gentle gale of wind came posting on,
 Who with his whispers having charm'd her fears,
 The Maid asleep on his soft bosom bears.
 This wind is called *Zephyrus*, whose mild
 And fruitful birth gets the young Spring with child,
 Filling her womb with such delicious heat,
 As breeds the blooming Rose and Violet :
 Him *Cupid* for his delicacy chose,
 And did this amorous task on him impose,
 To fetch his Mistress ; but lest he should burn
 With Beauty's fire, he bad him soon return :
 But all in vain, for promises are frail,
 And vertue flies when love once blows the sail ;
 For as she slept, he lingred on his way,
 And oft embrac'd and kiss'd her as his prey,
 And gaz'd to see how far she did surpass
Erichon's daughter, wife to *Boreas*,
 Fair *Orythia* ; and as she began
 To wax hot through his motion, he would fan
 And cool her with his wings, which did disperse
 A perfum'd sent through all the Universe :

For

For 'fore that time no fragrant smell did live
 In any thing, till *Psiche* did it give :
 Herbs, Gums and Spices had perhaps a name,
 But their first Odours from her breathing came :
 And in this manner *Zephrus* flew on
 With wanton gyres through every Region
 Of the vast Air, then brought her to a vale,
 Where thousand several flowers her sweets exhale :
 The whilst her parents robb'd of her dear sight,
 Devote themselves to everlasting night.

The Second Section.

THUS *Psiche* on a grassie bed did lie,
 Adorn'd with *Flora's* richest tapestry,
 Where all her senses with soft slumber bound,
 At last awak'd, and rising from a swoond
 She spies a wood, with fair trees beautif'd,
 And a pure chrystal fountain by the side ;
 A Kingly palace stood not far apart,
 Built not with humane hands, but divine art ;
 For by the structure men might ghes it be
 The habitation of some Deity :
 The roof within was curiously o're-spread
 With *Ivory* and Gold enamelled ;
 The Gold was burnish'd glistering like a flame,
 And golden pillars did support the same ;
 The walls were all with Silver wainscor lin'd,
 With several beasts and pictures there enshrin'd ;
 The floor and pavement with like glory shone,
 Cur in rare figures made of precious stone,

That

That though the Sun should hide his light away,
 You might behold the house through its own day.
 Sure 'twas some wondrous power by *arts* extent
 That fancied forth so great an argument :
 And no less happy they that did command,
 And with their feet trod on so rich a land.
Psiche amaz'd, fix'd her delighted eye
 On the magnificence and treasury,
 And wonder'd most that such a mass of wealth
 Was by no door nor guar'd preserv'd from stealth :
 For looking when some servant should appear,
 She onely heard voices attending there,
 That said, Fair Mistress, why are you afraid ?
 All these are yours, and we to do you aid.
 Come up into the rooms, where shall be shown
 Chambers all ready furnish'd, all your own :
 From thence descend and take the spiced air,
 Or from your bath unto your bed repair,
 Whilst each of us, that *Eccho* represents,
 Devoid of all corporeal instruments,
 Shall wait your Minister : no Princely fare
 Shall wanting be, no diligence, no care,
 To do you service. *Psiche* had the sense
 To taste, and thank the god's beneficence :
 When straight a mighty golden dish was brought,
 Repleat with all the dainties can be thought ;
 And next a bowle was on the table set,
 Fraught with the richest Nectar that ere yet
 Fair *Hebe* fill'd to *Juno*, Heaven's Queen,
 Or *Ganimede* to *Jove* ; yet none was seen ,

Nor creature found to pledge, or to begin,
 But some impulsive spirit brought it in.
 The Banquet ended, there was heard on high
 A Consort of celestial harmony,
 And Musick mix'd with sounds articulate,
 That *Phœbus* self might strive to emulate.
 All pleasures finish'd, *Psiche* went to rest,
 But could find none, because her troubled breast
 Labour'd with strange events, and now the noon
 Of night begin t' approach, and the pale Moon
 Hid her weak beams, and sleep had seiz'd all eyes,
 But Lover's, vex'd with fears and jealousies.
 What female heart or conscience so strong
 Through the discharge of sin? but yet among
 So many fancies of her active brain,
 She must a hundred terrors entertain;
 And more and greater her amazements were,
 Because she knew not what she was to fear.
 In came her dreadful husband so conceiv'd,
 Till his sweet voice told her, she was deceiv'd:
 For drawing near, he sat upon the bed,
 Then laid his gentle hand upon her head,
 And next embrac'd, and kiss'd, and did imbrow
 Her balmy lips with a delicious dew:
 So, so, says he, let each give up his treasure,
 Quite bankrupt through a rich exchange of pleasure.
 So let's sweet *Love's praludium* begin,
 My arms shall be thy sphere to wander in,
 Circled about with spells to charm thy fears,
 Instead of *Morpheus* to provoke thy tears;

V Vith horrid dreams *Venus* shall thee entrance
 V Vith thousand shapes of wanton dalliance :
 Each of thy senses thou shalt perfect find,
 All but thy sight, for *Love* ought to be blind.
 And having said so, he made haste to bed,
 Enjoy'd his Spouse, and got her Maidenhead :
 And lest that she his feature should disclose,
 He went away before the morning rose :
 Her vocal servants watching at the door,
 With their mild whispers enter'd in before
Psiche awak'd, and joy'd the Bride to see,
 And cheer'd her for her slain virginity.
 These things being acted in continued time,
 And as all humane natures do incline
 To take delight by custome, *Psiche* so
 With these æreal comforts eas'd her woe.
 But yet her Parents with unwearied grief
 Wax'd old in tears and hated all relief.
 Her sisters too forsook their house and home,
 And came to adde unto their father's moan.
 That night her Husband *Psiche* thus bespake,
 Alas, Sweet-heart, what comfort can I take,
 That spend the day in sighes when you are gone,
 Rob'd of all humane conversation ?
 My undistinguish'd friends are banish'd quite,
 That almost weep their eyes out for my sight,
 Not one of all to bear me company :
 O let me see my sisters or I die.
 Her Husband her embrac'd and kiss'd away
 Those hurtful tears, and thus began to say :

Psiche my sweet and dearest wife, I see
 Fortune begins to threat thy misery.
 VVhat envious fate suggests this baneful boon,
 To force my grief and thy destruction?
 Thy sisters both, through their vain fancies led,
 And troubled with the thought that thou art dead,
 VVill seek thee forth : but if thou should'st regard
 Their fruitless tears, or speak to them a word,
 Or by their wicked counsel seek to pry
 VVith sacrilegious curiosity,
 And view my shape, how quickly wouldst thou throw
 Thy self down headlong to the depth of woe?
 Thy wretched state for ever to deplore,
 Nor must thou hope to touch me any more.
Psiche regardless what his love or fears
 Did prompt unto her good, still perseveres
 In her rash vote : for all (though to their cost)
 Desire forbidden things, but women most.
 My hony husband, my sweet love, quoth she,
 How do I prize thee, whatsoe'r thou be?
 Above my soul, more then my own dear life :
 Nor would I change to be young *Cupid's* wife,
 And rather vow'd a thousand deaths to die,
 Then live divorc'd from his society.
 Her husband overcome through his own fire,
 VVhich her impressive kisses did inspire,
 Gives way to his new Spouse, and a strict charge
 To *Zephirus* that he should spread at large
 His plumy sails, and bring her sisters twain,
 Both safe in presence of his wife, in pain

To be in prison, and strict durance bound
 With the earths weighty fetters under ground,
 And a huge mountain to be laid upon
 His aery back, which if it once were done,
 No power could e'r redeem his liberty,
 Nor *Aeolus* himself might set him free.
 Lovers commands are still imperious :
 Which made the fierce and haughty *Zephyrus*
 Swell with close indignation, and fret
 To see his service slighted so, but yet
 Not daring to proclame his discontent,
 Made a soft noise, and murmur'd as he went.
 By chance her sisters at that instant time,
 With long laborious steps the hill did clime
 Where *Psiche* first was left, and with their plain
 Waken the Rocks, still they resolt again,
 Calling their sister by her proper name,
 With hideous cries, until the west wind came,
 And as command was, in a winged chair,
 With harmless portage bore them through the air.
 All three together by this means combin'd,
 Embrace each other with a mutual mind,
 Until their spirits and the day was spent
 In long and ceremonious complement.
 Sometimes fair *Psiche*, proud her friends were by,
 To witness her Majestick bravery,
 Ushering her sisters with affected gait,
 Would shew them all her glory and her state,
 And round about her golden house display
 The massie wealth that unregarded lay.

Sometimes she would demonstrate to their ears
 Her easie power on those familiars,
 That like a numerous family did stand
 To execute the charge of her command.
 Nor was there wanting any thing that might
 Procure their admiration or delight :
 That whereas erst they pitied her distress,
 Now swell with envy of her happiness.
 There is a goddess flies through the earth's globe,
 Girt with a cloud, and in a squalid robe,
 Daughter to *Pluto* and the silent Night,
 Whose direful presence does the *Sun* afright ;
 Her name is *Ate*, venom is her food,
 The very *Furies* and *Tartarian* brood
 Do hate her for her ugliness, she blacks
 Her horrid visage with so many *Snakes* :
 And as her tresses 'bout her neck she hurls,
 The *Serpent's* his within her knotty curls.
 Sorrow and shame, death and a thousand woes,
 And discord waits her wheresoe'r she goes,
 V Who riding on a whirl-wind through the sky,
 She saw fair *Psiche* in her jollity,
 And grudg'd to see it, for she does profess
 Her self a foe to every good success :
 Then cast to ruine her, but found no way,
 'Less she could make her sisters her betray.
 Then drop'd four *Snakes* out of her hairy nest,
 And as they slept cast two on eithers breast,
 Who piecing through their bosoms in a trice,
 Poison'd their souls, but made no Orifice :

And all this while the powerful bane did lurk
 Within their hearts, and now began to work :
 For one of them, too far inquisitive,
 With crafty malice did begin to dive
 Into her counsel, studious for to learn
 Whom so divine possession might concern ;
 But all in vain, no lineal respect,
 No *Syren* charms might move her to reject
 His precepts, nothing they could do or say
 Might tempt her his sweet counsels to betray.
 Yet lest too much suspense of what he is (this,
 Should trouble their loose thoughts, she told them
 He was a fair young man, whose downy chin
 Was newly deck'd with natures covering,
 And he that us'd with hunting still to rove
 About the woods, and seldome was at home.
 But fearing their discourse might her entrap,
 She pours forth gold and jewels in their lap,
 And turning all their travel to their gain,
 Commands the winds to bear them back again.
 This done, her sisters after their return,
 With envies fuel, both begin to burn,
 Unable to contain their discontent,
 And to their swell'd up malice give a vent.
 Says one unto the other, what's the cause
 That we both priviledg'd by nature's laws,
 And of the self-same parents both begot,
 Should yet sustain such an indifferent lot ?
 You know that we are like to Hand-maids wed
 To strangers, and like strangers banished.

When she, the off-spring of a later birth,
 Sprung from a womb that like the tired earth
 Grew old with bearing, nor yet very wise, (price
 Enjoys that wealth whose use, whose worth, whose
 She knows not ; what rich furniture there shone,
 What gems, what gold, what silks we tread upon ?
 And if her husband be so brave a man,
 As she affirms and boasts, what woman can
 In the whole world compare with her ? at length
 Perhaps by customs progress, and the strength
 Of love, he may her like himself translate,
 And make her with the gods participate :
 She has already for to come and go
 Voices her hand-maids, and the winds, 'tis so ;
 She bore her self with no less Majesty,
 And breath'd out nothing but divinity :
 But I, poor wretch, the more to aggravate
 My cares, and the iniquity of fate,
 Have got a husband, elder then my fire,
 And then a boy far weaker in desire,
 Who though he have nor will nor power to use
 V What he enjoys, does, miser-like, refuse
 To his own wife this benefit to grant,
 That others should supply his and my want.
 Her sister answers, Do not I embrace
 A man far worse, and is't not my own case ?
 I have a husband too not worth a point,
 And one that has the Gout in every joint ;
 His nose is dropping, and his eyes are gumm'd,
 His body crooked, and his fingers numm'd :

His head, which should of wisdom be the place,
 Is grown more bald then any Looking-glais ;
 That I am fain the part to undergo,
 Not of a wife but a physician too,
 Still plying him, howe'r my sense it loaths,
 With oyls, and balms, and cataplasms and cloaths :
 Yet you see with what patience I endure
 This servile office, and this fruitless cure ;
 The whilst the minks our sister you beheld,
 With how great pride and arrogance she swell'd,
 And though much wealth lay scatter'd all along,
 Yet out of it how small a portion
 She gave to us, and how unwillingly,
 Then blew or hift us from her company.
 Let me not breath, nor me a woman call,
 Unless I straight her ruine, or enthral
 In everlasting misery : and first
 In this one point I'll render her accurst.
 We will not any into wonder draw,
 Nor comfort, by relating what we saw ;
 For they cannot be said true joy to own,
 Whose neither wealth nor happiness is known.
 It is enough that we have seen and grieve
 That we have seen it, let none else believe
 The truth from our report. So let's repair
 To our own home, and our own homely fare,
 And then return to vindicate her pride,
 With fraud and malice strongly fortifi'd :
 Which to confirm, ungrateful as they were,
 For wicked counsel ever is most dear

To wicked people) home again they drew,
And their feign'd grief most impiously renew.

The third Section.

BY this fair *Psiche*'s womb began to breed,
And was made pregnant by immortal seed ;
Yet this condition was on her impos'd,
That it should mortal prove, if she disclos'd
Her husbands counsels : who can now relate
The joy that she conceiv'd to propagate
A divine birth ? she reckons every day,
And week, and month, and does her womb survey,
And wonders since so little was instill'd,
So small a vessel should so much be fill'd.
Her husband smelling of her sisters drift,
Began to call fair *Psiche* unto shrift,
And warn her thus, The utmost day, says he,
And latest chance is now befalln to thee ;
A sex pernicious to thine own dear blood
Has taken arms up to withstand thy good.
Again thy sisters with regardless care
Of love, or piety, come to ensnare,
And tempt thy faith, which I forbid before,
That thou my shape and visage shouldst explore :
In lieu of which take up a like defence,
Protecting with religious continence
Our house from ruine, and thy self prevent,
And our small pledge from dangers imminent.
Psiche with sighs and tears together blent,
Breaks off his speech, Since you a document

Have of my silence and my love, quoth she,
 Why should you fear to trust my constancie:
 Which to confirm, bid *Zephirus* fulfil
 Once more his duty, and obey my will.
 That since your long'd for sight I am deni'd,
 I may behold my sisters by my side.
 Turn not away my love, I thee beseeke,
 By thy curl'd hair, and by thy silken cheek:
 Deign from thy bounty this small boon to spare,
 Since the forc'd ignorance of what you are,
 Must not offend me, nor the darkeſt night,
 Where I embrace you in a greater light.
 Charm'd with her sugar'd words, he gives consent,
 That the swift wind with haste incontinent,
 Although unwilling, should display his wing,
 And the she-traitors to fair *Psyche* bring.
 Thus altogether met, her sisters twain
 Embrace their prey, and a false love do feign.
Psyche, says one, you are a mother grown,
 Me-thinks your womb like a full Rose is blown.
 O what a mass of comfort will accrue
 Unto our friends and family from you?
 Certs this your child, if it be half so fair
 As is the mother, must be *Cupid's* heir.
 Thus they with flatteries and with many a smile,
 Pretending false affection, her beguile;
 And she out of her innocence, poor Maid,
 Gave easie credit unto all they said;
 And too too kind, to a fair chamber led,
 Where with celestial dainties she them fed.

She speaks unto the Lute, and straight it hears ;
 She calls for raptures, and they swell their ears.
 All sorts of Musick sound, with many a lay,
 Yet none was present seen to sing or play.
 But as no mirth is pleasant to a dull
 And heavy soul, no less, they that are full
 Of cankred malice, all delight disdain,
 But what doth nourish their delighted pain.
 So that no gifts nor price might mollifie,
 Nor no reward nor kindness qualifie
 Their hardned hearts, still they are on fire,
 To sound her through, and make a strict inquire
 What was her husband, what his form, and age,
 And whence he did deduce his parentage :
 You read, how from simplicity at first
 She feign'd a formal story, and what erst
 She told, she had forgot, and 'gan to feign
 Another tale, and of another strain ;
 How that he was a man both rich and wise,
 Of middle years, and of a middle size :
 A Merchant by profession, that did deal
 For many thousands in the Common-weal.
 With that they check'd her in the full career
 Of her discourse, says one, Nay, sister dear,
 Pray do not strive thus to impose upon
 Your loving friends, sure this description
 Must to his person needs be contrary,
 When in it self your speech does disagree.
 You lately boasted he was young and fair ;
 What, does the soil or nature of the air

ring age so soon ? and that he us'd to range
 about the woods, loe there's another change.
 Do you conceit so ignorantly of us,
 We know not *Tethis* from *Hippolitus* ?
 Green fields from seas, a billow from a hill,
 Fishes from beasts ? then we had little skill.
 You much dissemble, or you have forgot
 His form, and function, or you know them not.
 Then with the pressure of her eyes, she freed
 One tear from prison, and did thus proceed :
Psyche we grieve, and pitty you, that thus
 Are grown so careless and incurious
 Of what you ought to fear : you think your self
 Much happy in your husband, and your self,
 But are deceived, for we that watch,
 And at each opportunity do catch,
 To satisfy our doubts, for truth have found,
 Both by his crawling footsteps on the ground,
 And by report of neighbouring husbandmen,
 That have espy'd him flying from his den.
 When he to them most hideously has yell'd,
 From his huge throat, with blood and poyson swel'd,
 That this your husband is of *Serpent* breed,
 Either of *Cadmus*, or of *Hydra's* seed.
 Call but the *Pythian* Oracle to mind,
 That you to such hard destiny assign'd ;
 And think not all your art, or policy,
 Can cancell his propheticall decree.
 Let not his Monsters usage for awhile,
 Your soul of just suspicion beguile,

As that you still shall live at such high rate,
 And that these happy days shall ne're have dare.
 Far be it, that my words should ill portend,
 Yet trust me, all these joys must have an end :
 The time will come, when this your Paramour,
 In whom you so delight, shall you devour.
 And when your womb casts her abortive brood,
 Then *Saturn* like, he will make that his food.
 For this prediction also bore a share,
 In what the god fore-told, but lest despair
 Should load you with too great oppression,
 It was conceal'd, and therefore stands upon,
 Whether through our advice, you will be sav'd,
 Or in his beastly entrailes be engrav'd.
 Now if this uncouth life, and solitude
 Please you, then follow it, and be still stew'd
 In the rank lust of a lascivious worme :
 Yet we our pious duties shall performe.
Psyche that tender was, grew wan, and pale,
 And swoon for dread of this so sad a tale.
 Then fell she from the spear of her right mind,
 And forgot all those precepts she combin'd,
 And vow'd to keep, and her self headlong threw
 Into a thousand griefs, that must ensue.
 At last reviv'd, having her self upheav'd,
 With fainting voice, thus half her words out breath'd
 Truly my sisters dear, full well I see
 How you persist in constant piety :
 Nor did they, who suggest such words as these,
 In my opinion altogether lease :

For to this hour, I never did survey
 My husband's shape, but forc'd am to obey
 What he commands, do embrace i'th night,
 A thing uncertain, and that shuns the light :
 Therefore to your assertions I assent,
 That with good reason seem so congruent ;
 For in my thoughts I cannot judge at least
 But he must be a monster, or some beast,
 He uses so much cautionary care,
 And threatens so much ill, if I should dare
 To view his face ; so I referre me to
 Your best advice, t' instruct me what to do :
 Her sisters now arriv'd at the full scope
 Of their base plots, and seeing the gate ope
 That kept her heart, scorn any artfull bait,
 But use their down-right weapons of deceit :
 Saying, dear *Psiche*, nature should prevail
 So much with us, if mischief did assail
 Your person, in our sight : we were too blame
 Should we permit, and not divert the same ;
 Yet wise men have their ways, and eyes still clear,
 And leave no mists of danger, or of fear :
 You do but brave your death, when you repell
 The whispers of your Genius, which would tell
 The peril you re in ; nor are you sure
 Of longer life, till you are quite secure :
 Which to effect, provide a sword that's keen,
 And with it, a bright Lamp, and both unseen
 Hide in some place, untill a fitting hour
 Shall call them, to assist you with their power :

Trust me, such spies, and counsellors are mure,
 And never nice, or slow to execute
 Any design, so when your husbands eyes
 Are seal'd with sleep, from your soft couch arise,
 And seise this Dragon, when he least takes heed,
 Like *Pallas* arm'd, and to his death proceed ;
 And where his neck, and head, are joyn'd in one,
 Make me a speedy separation :

Alcides Son of *Jove*, as rumour goes,
 Strangled two *Serpents* in his swadling cloaths :
 And can your strength fail to bring that to passe,
 Which half the labour of an infant was ?
 Such wicked words they pour into her ear,
 More poisonous than her husband could appear.
Psiche was troubled, as the sea, in wind
 Approv'd their counsel, and again declin'd
 What they perswade ; now hastens, now delays,
 Dares, and not dares, and with a blush betrays,
 Her wandering passion, which knows no mean,
 But travels from extream, unto extream :
 She loves him now, and does again darest,
 Loves as a husband, hates him as a beast.
 The only check, and bridle to her hate,
 Was the fam'd story, and revengeful fate
 Of *Danans* Daughters, who in hell are bound
 To fill a Vessel, they can never sound :
 She told the story to them, how all these
 Were fifty Virgins, call'd the *Belides* ;
 Her Sisters list ; while *Psiche* does discover,
 How each was too inhumane to her lover :

And

And in on night made all their husbands-bleed ;
 With hearts, hard as the steel, that did the deed :
 Yet one says she, most worthy of the name
 Of wife, and to it everlasting fame :
 Right *Hypermnestra*, with officious lye,
 Met with her Father ; and his perjury :
 Who said unto her husband, youth arise,
 Least a long sleep unfeard, do thee surprize.
 Will not hold thee captive, nor will strike
 This to thy heart ; although my sisters, like
 So many cruell *Lionesses*, void
 Of mercy, all their husbands have destroy'd.
 I am of nature soft, nor do I dare
 To view, much less to act my massacre ;
 What though my Father me in prison lay,
 Or load with Iron chains, or send away
 Far from his Kingdome, into banishment,
 Or tortures use, cause I would not consent
 To murder thee ; however take thy flight,
 Post for thy life, whilst *Venus* and the night
 Do favour thee, and only this vouchsafe
 When I am dead, to write my Epitaph :
 The meer remembrance of this vertuous deed,
 Did a remorse, and kind of pity breed
 In *Psiche's* brest, for passions are infus'd,
 According to the stories, we are us'd
 To read ; and many men do amorous prove,
 By viewing acts, and monuments of love :
 But yet her Sisters malice, that still stood
 In opposition, against all that's good,

Cease

Ceases not to precipitate her on,
 Till they had gain'd this confirmation ;
 To put in act what ere they did desire,
 Thus fury like, they did her soul inspire :
 Night and her husband came, and now the sport
 Of *Venus* ended, he began to snort,
Pfiche, though weak of mind, and body both,
 Yet urg'd by cruell fate, and her rash oath,
 Rose up to make provision for her sin ;
 Lye still fair maid, thou mayest more honour win,
 And make thy murder glory, not a crime ;
 If thou wouldst kill those thoughts, that do beslime
 And knaw upon thy breast, and never cease
 With hissing clamours to disturbe thy peace,
 When thine own heart with *Serpents* doth abound ;
 Seek not without, that may within be found.
 Yet was she not so cruell in her hast,
 But ere she kild him, she his lips would tast,
 Wishing she need not rise out from her bed,
 But that she had the power to kisse him dead :
 Now with her lips she labours all she may,
 To suck his soul out, whilst he sleeping lay,
 Till she at last through a transfused kisse,
 Left her own soul, and was inspir'd by his ;
 And had her soul within his body stay'd,
 Till he therein his vertues had convay'd,
 And all pollution would from thence remove,
 Then after all her thoughts had been of love ;
 But since she could not both of them retain,
 She restor'd his, and took her own again :

Sorry, that she was forc'd it to transfer,
 And wish't though dead, that he might live in her :
 Then in one hand she held the emulous light,
 And in the other took the sword, so bright
 As 'twould her beauty, and the fire out-shine,
 And she thus arm'd, became more masculine.
 But when by friendship of the Lamp, her eye
 Had made a perfect true discovery
 Of all was in the room, what did she see ?
 Object of Love, wonder of Deity.
 The *god of love* himself, *Cupid* the fair.
 Lye sweetly sleeping in his golden hair :
 At this so heavenly sight, the lampy spire
 Encreas'd his flames, and burnt more pure, and higher.
 The very senceless sacrilegious steel,
 Did a strong vertue from his presence feel,
 Which turn'd the edge, poor *Pfiche* all amaz'd,
 With joy, and wonder on his beauty gaz'd.
 His neck so white, his colour so exact,
 His limbes, that were so curiously compact :
 His body sleek, and smooth, that it might not
Venus repent, t' have such a Son begot.
 A bright reflection and perfumed sent,
 Fill'd all the room with a mixt blandishment,
 Shot from his wings, and at his feet did lye
 His *Bow*, and *Arrows*, and his *Armory*.
 And in this extasie she thought to hide
 The curst steel, but in her own dear side ;
 And had perform'd it sure, had not the sword,
 Flew from her hand, out of its own accord.

Glanſing on all with eyes unſatisfied,
 At laſt ſhe his artillery eſpyed.
 The Quiver was of Needle-work wrought round
 With trophies of his own, where *Cupid* crown'd.
 Sate in the miſt, with a Bay-wreath, which he
 Had proudly pluckt from the *Peneian* tree.
 Next *Venus* and *Adonis*, ſad with pain,
 The one of *love*, the other of *diſdain* :
 There *Jove* in all his borrowed ſhapes was dreſt,
 His cheſts, and his adulteries expreſt,
 As Emblems of *Loves* triumph; and theſe were
 Drawn with ſuch lively colours, men would ſwear,
 That *Leda* lay within a perfect bower,
 And *Danaes* golden ſtreams, were a true ſhower.
Saturns two other Sons did ſeem to throw
 Their *Tridents* at his feet, and him allow
 For their Supreme; and there were kneeling by
Gods, *Nymphs*, and all their Geneology
 Since the firſt *Chaos*, ſaving the abuſe,
 And *Cupids* pride, none could the work traduce.
Pallas in envy of *Araeknes* ſkill,
 Or elſe to curry favour and fulfill
Cupids beſeſt, which ſhe durſt not withſtand,
 Had fram'd the emulous piece with her own hand.
 And there were portray'd more a thouſand loves
 Beſides himſelf; the ſkins of Turtle-doves
 Lin'd it within, and at the upper end,
 A ſilver plate the Quiver did extend,
 Full of ſmall holes, where his bright ſhafts did lye;
 Whoſe plumes were ſtiff of gums of *Araby*.

His Bow was of the best, and finest Yew
 That in all *Ida*, or fair *Tempe* grew :
 Smooth as his cheek, and checkerd as his wing,
 And at each end, tipped with a Pear ; the string
 Drawn from the Optick of a Ladies eye,
 That whensoever he shoots, strikes harmony.
Isis with timorous heed, did softly touch
 His weapons, lest her prophane hand might smutch
 The gloss of them : then drew a shaft, whose head
 Was wrought of Gold, for some are done with Lead,
 And laid her fingers end upon the Dart,
 Tempting the edge, until it caus'd to smart :
 For being pointed sharp, it raz'd the skin,
 Till drops of blood did trickle from within.
 He wounded with the poison, which it bore,
 Grew more in love, than ere she was before.
 Then as she would her self incorporate,
 He did her numerous kisses equal make
 Into his hairs, that with her breath did play,
 Reapt with rich *Nectar*, and *Ambrosia*.
 Thus being ravish'd with excess of joy,
 With kissing, and embracing the sweet Boy.
 Or, in the height of all her jollity,
 Whether from envy, or from treachery :
 Or that it had a burning appetite,
 To touch that silken skin, that lookt so white.
 The wicked Lamb in an unlucky hour,
 A drop of scalding oil did let down poure
 On his right shoulder, whence in horrid wise
 A blister, like a bubble did arise,

And boil'd up in his flesh, with a worse fume,
 Than blood of Vipers, or the *Lernean* spume.
 Neer die the Dog-star rage with so great heat
 In dry *Apulia*, nor *Alcides* swear
 Under his shirt so. Cruell oil, that thou
 Who of all others hast the smootheft brow,
 Shouldst play the traitor? who had any thing
 Worse than my self, as fire, or venom'd sting,
 Or *Sulphur* blasted him, shouldst first have came,
 And with thy powerful breath suckt out the flame.
 For though he be *Loves* god, it were but vain,
 To think he should be priviledge from pain.
 For we in *Homer* have like wounded read,
 Of *Mars*, and *Venus*, both by *Diomed*.
 But for this hainous and audacious fact,
Cupid among his statutes did enact,
 Henceforth all lights be banisht, and exempt,
 From bearing office in *Loves* government.
 And in the day each should his passage mark,
 Or learn to find his Mistresse in the dark.
 Sure all the crew of lovers shall thee hate,
 Nor blest *Minerva* hold thee consecrate.
 When *Cupid* saw his counsells open laid,
Psiches dear faith, and his own plots betray'd,
 He buckled on his wings, away to fly;
 And had she not caught hold upon his thigh,
 And hung as an appendix of his flight,
 He questionless had vanisht from her sight.
 But as when men are in deep rivers drown'd,
 And cane up dead, have their close fingers found,

Clasping the weeds ; so, though her armes were rackt
 With her more bodies weight, and sinews crackt,
 To follow him through the forc'd Element :
 Yet held she fast, untill he did relent,
 And his ambitious wings gan downward steer,
 And stoop to earth, with a mild Cancileer.

The fourth Section.

THus lighted on the earth, he took her wrist,
 And wrung it hard, and did her hands untwist
 And having freed himself, he flew on high,
 Unto a *Cypress-tree*, that grew thereby,
 And on the utmost branches being fate,
 He did the matter thus capitulate,
 Was it for this indeed, for this reward,
 Thou silly girl, that I should disregard,
 My mothers vows, her tears, her flatteries?
 When she, with all the power she might devise,
 Provok't me to thy hurt, and thee assign'd
 In Marriage, to a groom of some base kind,
 And lowest rank, had not my too much haste
 Redeem'd thy shame, and my own worth disgrac'd?
 Was it for this I did thy plagues remove,
 To pain my self? strike mine own heart in love,
 With mine own shaft, that after all this gear,
 Should no better than a beast appear?
 Or this, wouldst thou cut off my head, which bore
 Those eyes, that did thy beauty so adore?
 And yet thou knowst ungrateful wretch, how I
 Did with my fears, thy mischiefs still imply,

And every day my cautions did renew,
 The breath of which thou must for ever rue :
 And each of these thy sisters, that were guide
 To thy ill act, shall dearly it abide :
 Yet will I punish thee no other way
 But only this, I will for ever stray
 Far from thy sight, and having said so, fled,
 Whilst she to hear this news, lay almost dead :
 Ye prostrate on the ground, her eyes up cast,
 Ty'd to his winged speed ; until at last,
 She could no more discern ; as *Dido*, then,
 Or *Aradne*, by some Poets pen,
 Are said to grieve ; whose artful passions flow
 In such sweet numbers, as they make their woe
 Appear delightful, telling how unkind
 Their loves stole away, and the same wind,
 That blew abroad their faith, and oaths before,
 Then fill'd their sails, and how the troubled shore
 Answer'd the Ladies groans, so *Psiche* faints,
 And bears her breast with pittiful complaints.
 There ran a River near, whose purling streams,
Hyperion oft, did with his golden beams
 Delight to gild, and as it fled along
 The pleasant murmurs, mixt with the sweet song
 Of aged *Swans*, detain'd the frequent ear
 Of many a Nymph, which did inhabit there :
 Poor *Psiche* thither went, and from the brim,
 In sad despair threw her self headlong in.
 The Rivers God ; whither 'twere out of fear,
 Duty, or love, or honour he did bear

Her husband ; or least her spilt blood should stain
 His christal current, threw her up again :
 But it is thought, he would not let her sink,
 Cause *Cupid* oft times would descend to drink,
 Or wash him in the Brook, and when he came
 To cool his own heat, would the flood inflame.
Pan at that time sat playing on a reed,
 Whilst his rough *Goats* did on the medows feed,
 And with intentive eyes observed all,
 That to the fairest *Psyche* did befall ;
 Who seeing her thus pitiouſly distressed,
 He ran to take her up, and did the best
 He could to comfort her ; fair maid, says he,
 Though a rustick, and a shepheard be,
 Scorn not for that my counsel, and advice ;
 Nor let my trade become my prejudice.
 For by the benefit of time well spent,
 I am indued with long experiment :
 And if I do conjecture it aright,
 The cause of all this Phrensie, and dispiht,
 Which your sad looks, and paleness do imply,
 With other signs in Physiognomy,
 By which wise men the truth of *Art* do prove,
 And know the state of minds ; you are in love.
 Now list to me, and do not with fond haste
 The sacred oil of your lifes taper waste :
 Use no sinister means, to hasten on,
 But labour to adourn destruction,
 Cast not away your self by too much grief,
 But courage take ; for care is beauties thief.

Cupid I know, whose humour is to strive,
 Then yield, then stay, then play the fugitive.
 Be not dismay'd for that, but shew your duty,
 And above all things do not spoil your beauty,
 He's delicate, and wanton, prayers may win,
 And fair demeanour may merit him.
 These are the medicines I would have you chuse,
 To cure your minds health, and redress abuse :
 She gave him thanks, then rose from where she lay,
 And having done obeysance went her way ;
 Thence did she wander on with weary feet,
 And neither track, nor passenger could meet,
 Untill at length she found a Kingly road
 Which led unto a Palace, where abroad
 Her eldest sister. *Psyche* enter'd in,
 Thence sent up news, how one of her near kin,
 Was come to visit her, return being made,
Psyche was brought before her, each invade
 The other with embraces, and fulfill
 A tedious scene of counterfeit good will.
 But when they had discours'd a while together,
 She askt *Psyche* the cause, that brought her thither,
 Who did recount the passages, and tell,
 In order all the story that befell,
 Which by degrees had ruin'd her, and laid
 The blame on their lewd counsell, that betray'd
 Her innocent soul, and her firm faith mislaid,
 To murder her dear husband in his bed :
 She told how she his certain death decreed,
 And how she rose to execute the deed :

she told, how like a *Lionness* she far'd,
 And like an armed fury, how she star'd ;
 Or like a blazing comet in the aire,
 With fire, and sword, and with dis-shevell'd hair,
 she told the trouble, and Epitasis,
 When she beheld his Metamorphosis :
 A spectacle, that ravisht her with joy,
 A *Serpent* turn'd into a lovely boy, (maid :
 y, Whose young, smooth face, might speak him boy or
Cupid himself in a soft slumber lay d ;
 she told too of the drop of scalding oil,
 That burnt his shoulder, and the heavy coil
 He kept, when he awak't, caus'd by the smart ;
 And how he chid, and how at last did part :
 And for revenge, had threatned in her stead,
 To make her sisters partners of his bed,
 And 'twixt each word, she let a tear down fall,
 Which stopt her voice, and made it musically.
 Thus *Psiché* at the last, finisht her story,
 Season'd with sharp grief, and sweet oratory,
 Which was as long by her relation made,
 As might have serv'd to stuffe an *Iliade*.
 Such as *Aeneas* unto *Dido* told,
 Full of adventures, strange, and manifold.
 Her sister by her looks great joy did show,
 Resolv'd in that, she did her husband know ;
 And therefore heard her out, with much applause,
 And gave great heed, but chiefly to that clause
 Where 'twas declar'd, that he her pomp and state
 To one of her own sisters would translate.

VVhence gathering that her self might be his Bride,
 She swell'd with lust, with envy and with pride ;
 And in this heat of passion did transcend
 The Rock, where *Zephrus* us'd to attend
 To waft her up and down, and there call'd on
 Him, that had now forsook his station.
 Yet through the vanity of hope made blind,
 Though then there blew a contrary wind :
 Invoking *Cupid* that he would receive
 Her for his Spouse, she did her self bequeath
 Unto a fearful precipice, and threw
 Her body head-long down, whose weight it drew
 Towards the centre ; for without support,
 All heavy matter thither will resort.
 In this her fall, the hard stones by the way
 Did greet her limbs with a discourteous stay,
 Bruising her in that manner that she di'd,
 As if that she her Jury had deni'd.
 Her younger sister missing thus the chief
 Co-partner of her sorrows, pin'd for grief.
 This craggy rock did overlook the sea,
 Where greedy *Neptune* had ate in a Bay,
 And undermining it much ground did win,
 VVhere silver-footed *Thetis* riding in
 Upon a bridled Dolphin, did explore,
 And every tyde her arms stretch'd on the shore,
 Searching each creek and crany to augment
 The confines of her watry regiment.

Whilst here she sat within a peerly chair,
 And round her all the *Sea-gods* did repair ;

de, To whom her Laws she did prescribe by hap,
 The mangled corps fell full into her lap.
Thetis, that once a child her self had born,
 Seeing so fair a body foully torn,
 And bleeding fresh, judging some ravisher
 Had done this injury, she did confer
 About the cure, and there were many found
 Whose trade in Surgery could heal a wound,
 But none that might restore to life agen.
 Such was the envy of the gods : for when
 The scatter'd limbs of chaste *Hippolitus*,
 Were re-inspir'd by *Æsculapius*,
 And by his *Arts* command together came,
 And every bone and joynt put into frame :
 That none with emulous skill should dare the like,
Jove him to hell did with his thunder strike.
 But though she could not by her power controule
 The fates decree, to reunite the soul,
 Into another shape she made it pass,
 A doctrin held by old *Pythagoras* :
 For stripping off her clothes, she made her skin
 To wear a soft and plummy coverin.
 Her grisly nose was hardened to a bill,
 And at each fingers end grew many a quill.
 Her arms to pennons turn'd, and she in all
 Chang'd to a Foul, which men a *Sea-gull* call ;
 A Bird of evil nature, and set on
 Much mischief, to whose composition
 A great part of her former malice went,
 And was the principal ingredient.

For being thus transfigur'd, straight she swam
 Into the bottom of the Ocean;
 Where *Neptune* kept his Court, and pressing near
 To *Venus* seat, she whisper'd her i' th' ear,
 How that her son lay desperately griev'd,
 Sick of a burn he lately had receiv'd :
 And many by that means at her did scoff,
 And her whole family was ill spoken of.
 For whilst that she her self thus liv'd recluse,
 And he his close adulteries did use :
 No sport or pleasure, no delight or grace,
 Friendship or marriage could find any place.
 In *Love* no pledge, no harmony in life,
 But every where confusion was, and strife.
 Thus the vile Bird maliciously did prate,
 And *Cupid's* credit did calumniate.
Venus repli'd, impatient and hot,
 What, has my good son then a Mistress got ?
 Which of the Nymphs or Muses is his joy ?
 Who has inveigl'd the ingenious Boy ?
 Which of the Howers, or of the Graces all ?
 None of these, said the Bird, but men her call
Psiche. So soon as *Venus* heard her nam'd,
 O how with indignation she exclaim'd ?
 VVhat, my own beauties rival, is it she ?
 That plant, that sucker of my dignity,
 And I his Bawd ? with these words she ascended
 To the Seas superficies, where attended
 Her Doves both ready harness'd, up she got,
 And flew to *Paphos* in her chariot.

The graces came about her, and in haste
 V Vhat the rough seas or rude winds had misplac'd,
 Did recompose with art and studious care,
 Kemming the cerule drops from her loose hair,
 Which dri'd with rose powder, they did fold,
 And bind it round up in a braid of gold.
 These wait about her person still, and pass
 Their judgment on her, equal with her glass.
 These are the onely *Criticks* that debate
 All beauty, and all fashions arbitrate :
 These temper her *Ceruse*, and paint, and lim
 Her face with oyl, and put her in her trim,
 Twelve other Hand-maids clad in white array,
 Call'd the *twelve Hours*, and *daughters of the day*,
 Did help to dress her : there were added more,
Twelve of the night, whose eyes were shadowed o're
 V Vith dusky and black vails, lest *Vulcan's* light,
 Or vapours should offend their bleared sight,
 V Vhen they her linnen starch, or else prepare
 Strong distillations to make her fair.
 These bring her bathes and oyntments for her eyes,
 And provide Cordials 'gainst she shall rise.
 These play on Musick, and perfume her bed,
 And snuff the candle while she lies to read
 Her self asleep : thus all assign'd unto
 Their severall office, had enough to do.
 And had they twenty times as many been,
 They all might be employ'd about the Queen.
 For though they us'd more reverence then at prayer,
 And sate in counsel upon every hair,

And

And every pleat and posture of her gown,
 Giving observance to each frequent frown ;
 And rather wish'd the State disorder'd were,
 Than the least implement that she did wear :
 As if, of all, that were the greatest sin,
 And that their fate were fastned to each pin :
 Though their whole life and study were to please.
 Yet such a sullen humour and disease
 Reign'd in her curious eyes, she ever saught,
 And scouling look'd, where she might find a fault ;
 Yet felt she no distemper from the care
 Of other business, nor did any dare
 To interpose or put into her mine
 A thought of any either foe or friend,
 Receipt or payment, but they all were bent
 To place each jewel and each ornament.
 And when that she was dress'd, and all was done,
 Then she began to think upon her son,
 And being absent spake of him at large,
 And laid strong aggravations to his charge :
 She ript her wrongs up, how she had pass'd by,
 In hope of mendment, many an injury ;
 Yet nothing could reclaim his stubborn spleen,
 And wanton looseness, though she still had been
 Indulgent to him, as they all did know.
 She talk'd too of the duty children owe
 Unto their parents, and did much complain,
 Since she had bore and bred him up with pain,
 Now for requital had receiv'd offence ;
 And sorely tax'd his disobedience.

Then

hen ask'd the Graces if they could disclose
 Where his new harms were, and his Rendezvous;
 or she had trusted them to over-look,
 s guardians, and to guide, as with a hook,
 his stragling nature; and they had done ill
 to slack their hand, and leave him to his will;
 Who, as she said, was a weak child, and none
 eing near, might soon into much mischief run.
 hey blushing smile, and thus alledge, Since she,
 his mother could not rule him, how can we
 bat are but servants? whom he does despise,
 and brandishes his torch against our eyes,
 and in defiance threatens what he will do,
 upon the least distaste, to shoot us through.
 When *Venus* heard how the world stood in awe
 Of her son's desperate valour, and no Law
 might curb his fierceness, flattery nor force
 prevail, she then resolv'd upon a course,
 With open Libels, and with hue and cry,
 to publish to the world his infamy:
 and therefore caus'd in every town and street,
 and in all trivial places where ways meet,
 in these words or the like, upon each poste,
 A charnel to be fix'd that he was lost.

*The wanton Cupid th'other day
 Did from his mother Venus stray.
 Great pains she took, but all in vain,
 How to get her son again:*

For since the Boy is sometimes blind,
 He his own way cannot find.
 If any one can fetch him in,
 Or take him captive in a Gin,
 And bring her word, she for this
 Will reward him with a kiss.
 That you the Felon may descry,
 These are signs to know him by :
 His skin is red with many a stain
 Of Lovers, which by him were slain ;
 Or else it is the fatal doom,
 Which fore-tels of storms to come :
 Though he seem naked to the eye,
 His mind is cloath'd with subtilty,
 Sweet speech he uses, and soft smiles,
 To intice where he beguiles :
 His words are gentle as the air,
 But trust him not, though he speak fair,
 And confirm it with an oath :
 He is fierce and cruel both :
 He is bold and careless too,
 And will play as wantons do :
 But when you think the sport is past,
 It turns to earnest at the last.
 His evil nature none can tame,
 For neither reverence nor shame
 Are in his looks : his curled hair
 Hangs like nets for to ensnare :
 His hands, though weak and slender, strike
 Age and sexes all alike,

*And when he list, will make his nest
 In their marrow or their breast :
 Those poison'd Darts shot from his Bow,
 Hurt gods above, and men below.
 His left hand bears a burning Torch,
 Whose flame the very same will scorch ;
 And not hell it self is free
 From this Imps impiety.
 The wounds he makes no salve can cure.
 Then if you catch him, bind him sure :
 Take no pity, though he cry,
 Or laugh, or smile, or seem to die,
 And for his ransom would deliver
 His arrows and his painted quiver ;
 Refuse them all, for they are such
 That will burn where e'r they touch.*

When this Edi&t was openly declar'd,
 And *Venus* importunity, none dar'd
 To be so much of counsel as to hide,
 And not reveal where *Cupid* did abide.
 There was an old Nymph of th' *Idalian* grove,
 Grand-child to *Faune*, a *Dryade*, whom great *Jove*
 Had ravish'd in her youth, and for a fee,
 In recompence of her Virginitie,
 Did make immortal, and with wisdom fill,
 And her endow'd with a prophetick skill,
 And knowledge of all herbs, she could apply
 To every grief a perfect remedy,

Were

Were it in mind, or body, and was sage,
 And waigbty in her counsel, to aswage
 Any disease; she had the government
 Of the whole Pallace, and was president
 Of all the Nymphs, for *Venus* did commit
 Such power, to do; what ever she thought fit.
 She at that time drest *Cupid* for his smart,
 And would have hid his shame with all her heart;
 But that she fear'd her Mistress to displease,
 If it should after chance the *Driades*
 Betray'd her: therefore she durst do no other,
 But to send private word unto his Mother,
 Where her Son was, and how he hid his head,
 And groaning lay upon his Mothers bed.
 Soon as this news was brought her, *Venus* went,
 Blown with the wind, and her own discontent,
 And there began to scold, and rail, before
 She did arrive within the Chamber door.
 Are these things honest, which I hear, says she,
 And suiting with our fame, and pedigree?
 Seducing trisler, have you set at large,
 Mine enemy, whom I gave up in charge,
 That thou shouldst captivate, and set on fire,
 With sordid, but unquenchable desire?
 But since; that thou mightst the more stubborn prove,
 Hast fetter'd her unto thy self in love;
 Seems you presume, that you are only he,
 The Chick of the white Hen, and still must be.
 And I, by reason of my age, quite done,
 Cannot conceive, nor bear another Son.

Yes know I can, and for thy more disgrace,
will adopt another in thy place.

I take away that wicked stuff, with which
Thou dost abuse thy betters, and bewitch
Each age and sex, and not without delight,
Thine uncle *Mars* and thine own mother smite.

Then burn those arms, which were ordain'd to do
better exploits then thou imploy't them to.

For thou wast ever from thy youth unroward,
and dost, without all reverence or regard,
Provoke thy elders; but, *Jove*, here I wish
ne'r may eat of a celestial dish,

Inless I turn this triumph to offence,
This sweet to sour, this sport to penitence.

But I thus scorned, whither shall I flie?

There is a Matron call'd *Sobriety*,

Whom I have oft offended, through his vain
luxurious riot, yet I must complain

To her, and at her hands expect the full

Of my revenge, she shall his quiver pull,

Inhead his *arrows*, and his *bow* onstring,

Put out his *Torch*, and then away it fling.

His golden locks with *Nectar* all imbrew'd,

Which I from mine own bosome have bedew'd.

His various wings the Rain-bow never yet

Was in such order nor such colours set:

He shall without remorse both cut and pare,

And every feather clip, and every hair.

And then, and not till then, it shall suffice

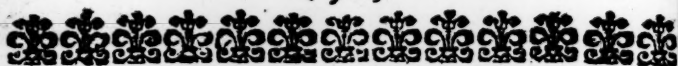
That I have done my wrongs this sacrifice.

Thus full of choler did she *Cupid* threat,
 And having eas'd her mind did back retreat.
 But making haste, with this distemper'd look,
Ceres and *Juno* both she overtook :
 Who seeing her with such a troubled brow,
 Did earnestly demand the manner how
 She came so vex'd, and who had power to throwd
 Her glorious beauty in so black a clowd.
 You cannot chuse but hear, *Venus* reply'd,
 How I have been abus'd on every side :
 First, when my limping husband me beset,
 And caught *Mars* and my self both in his net,
 And then expos'd us naked to the eyes
 Of heaven, and the whole bench of deities.
 'Tis a known tale, and to make up the jest,
 One *god*, less supercilious then the rest,
 Told *Mars*, if those his fetters made him swear,
 He would endure the burthen and the heat.
 Time wore out this disgrace, but now your art
 Must drive another sorrow from my heart :
 And if you love me, use your best of skill
 To seek out *Psiche*, she hath done this ill :
Cupid my son has chose her for his spouse,
 That is the onely plague unto my house.
 Lady, said they, alack, what hurt is done,
 Or crime in this committed by your son ?
 Is this a cause fit to provoke your spight,
 T' impugn his sports and hinder his delight ?
 What imputation on your house were laid,
 Though he should set his fancy on a Maid ?

You may allow his patent for to pass,
 That he may love a blithe and bonny Lass.
 What, you forget that he is well in years,
 And 'tis a comfort to you that he bears
 His age so well; therefore you must not pry
 Into his actions so narrowly.

For with what justice can you disapprove
 That in your son, which in your self you love?
 Is't fit that seeds of *love* by you be sown
 In others hearts, and banish'd from your own?
 You have an interest in all that's his;
 Both prais'd for good, both blam'd for what's amiss.
 Remember too you are his mother dear,
 Held wise, and must give way. Thus they for fear
 Of *Cupid's* arrows did him patronize.
 But *Venus* scorning that her injuries
 Were no more pitied, her swift Doves did raign,
 And took her way towards the Sea again.

The end of the first Book.



The Second Book.

THE FIRST SECTION.

P *Sic*he this while wandred the world about
 With various errors to find *Cupid* out,
 Hoping, although no matrimonial way,
 Or beauty's force his anger might allay,
 Yet prayers and duty sometimes do abate,
 And humble service him propitiate.
 She travell'd forth, until at length she found
 A pleasant plain, with a fair *Temple* crown'd;
 Then to her self she said, Ah, who can tell
 Whether or no my husband there do dwell?
 And with this thought she goes directly on,
 Led with blind hope and with devotion:
 Then entring in, she to the *Altar* bended,
 And there perform'd her *Orizons*; which ended,
 Casting her eyes about, she did espie
 A world of instruments for husbandry,
 As Forks, and Hooks, and Rakes, Sickles and Siches,
 Garlands, and Shears, and Corn for sacrifice.
 Those ears that were confused she did sever,
 And those that scatter'd lay she put together;
 Thinking she ought no worship to decline
 Of any thing that seem'd to be divine.

Ceres far off did *Psiche* over-look,
 When this laborious task she undertook ;
 And as she is a goddess that does love
 Industrious people, spake to 'her from above ;
 Alas, poor *Psiche*, *Venus* is thy foe,
 And strives to find thee out with more ado
 Than I my *Proserpine*, the earth, the sea,
 And the hid confines of the night and day,
 Have all been ransack'd ; she has sought thee forth
 Through both the *Poles* and mansions of the North,
 Not the *Riphean* snow, nor all the droughth
 That parches the vast desarts of the south,
 Have staid her steps : she has made *Tethis* sweep,
 To find thee out, the bottom of the deep,
 And vows that heaven it self shall thee resign,
 Though *Jove* had fix'd thee there his concubine.
 She never rests, for since she went to bed,
 The rosie Crown is wither'd from her head.
 Thou careless wretch, thus *Venus* all enrag'd,
 Seeks for thy life, whilst thou art here engag'd
 Bout my affairs, and thinkst of nothing less
 Than thine own safety and lost happiness.
Psiche fell prostrate on her face before
 Fair *Ceres* throne, and did her help implore,
 Moistning the earth with tears, and with her hair
 Brushing the ground, she sent up many a prayer :
 By thy fruit-scattering hand I thee entreat,
 And the *Sicilian* fields, that are the seat
 Of thy fertility, and by the glad
 And happy ends the harvest ever had ;

And by thy Coach, with winged *Dragons* drawn,
 And by the darksome hell that 'gan to dawn
 At the bright marriage of fair *Proserpine* :
 And by the silent rites of *Elusine*,
 Impart some pity, and vouchsafe to grant
 This small request to your poor suppliant,
 I may lie hid among these sheaves of corn
 Until great *Venus* fury be out-worn ;
 Or that my strength and faculties subdu'd
 By weary toil, a little be renew'd.
 But as the world's accusom'd, when they see
 Any o'rwhelm'd with a deep misery,
 Afford small comfort to their wretched state,
 But onely are in words compassionate :
 So *Ceres* told her, she did greatly grieve
 At her distress, but durst her not relieve ;
 For *Venus* was a good and gracious Queen,
 And she her favour highly did esteem.
 Nor would she succour a contrary side,
 Being by love and kin to her alli'd.
 Poor *Psiche* thus repuls'd, soon as she saw
 Her hopes quite frustrate, did her self with-draw,
 And journeyed on unto a neighbouring wood,
 Where likewise a rich *Fane* and *Temple* stood,
 Of goodly structure, and before the house
 Hung many gifts and garments precious ,
 That by the name engrav'd, and dedication,
 Express'd without to whom they had relation.
 Here *Psiche* enter'd, her low knees did bend,
 And both her self and fortunes recommend

To mighty *Juno*, and thus spake to her,
 Thou wife and sister to the Thunderer,
 Whether thou dost in antient *Samos* lie,
 The place of thy first birth and nursery;
 Or by the banks of *Inachus* abide,
 Or thy lov'd *Carthage*, or round heaven dost ride
 Upon a *Lion's* back; that art i'th' east
 Call'd *Zigia*, and *Lucina* in the west:
 Look on my grief's extremity, and deign
 To ease me of my labour and my pain.
 Thus having pray'd, freight *Juno* from on high
 Presents her self in all her Majesty,
 And said, *Psiche*, I wish you had your ends,
 And that my daughter and your self were friends:
 For *Venus* I have ever held most dear,
 In as high place as she my daughter were:
 Nor can that, which one goddess has begun,
 By any other Deity be undone:
 Besides the *Stigian* Laws allow no leave,
 That we another's servant should receive;
 Nor can we by the league of friendship give
 Relief to one that is a fugitive.
 Fair *Psiche* shipwrack'd in her hopes again,
 And finding no ways how she might obtain
 Her winged husband, cast the worst of all,
 And thus her thoughts did into question call:
 What means can be attempted or appli'd
 To this my strange calamity, beside
 What is already us'd? for though they would,
 The gods themselves can render me no good:

Why then should I proceed, and unawares
 Tender my foot unto so many snares ?
 What darkness can protect me ? what disguise
 Hide me from her inevitable eyes ?
 Some women from their crimes can courage gather,
 Then why not I from misery ? and rather,
 What I cannot defer, nor long withstand,
 Yield up my self a prisoner to her hand.
 For timely modesty may mitigate
 That rage, which absence does exasperate.
 And to confirm this, who knows whether he,
 Whom my soul longs for, with his mother be ?
Venus now sick of earthly business,
 Commands her Coach be put in readiness :
 Whose subtil structure was all wrought upon
 With gold, with purple, and vermillion.
Vulcan compos'd the fabrick, 'twas the same
 He gave his wife when he a wooing came.
 Then of those many hundred Doves that soar
 About her palace, she selected four,
 Whose checker'd necks to the small traces ri'd,
 With nimble gyres they up to heaven did glide :
 A world of Sparrows did by *Venus* flie,
 And Nightingales that sung melodiously ;
 And other birds accompani'd her Coach,
 With pleasant noise proclaiming her approach :
 For neither hardy Eagle, Hawk, nor Kite,
 Durst her sweet sounding family afright,
 The clovds gave vway, and heaven was open made
 Whilst *Venus* *Joves* high turrets did invade.

Then having silenc'd her obliuious quire,
 She boldly calls for *Mercury* the crier,
Joves messenger, who but a while before
 Return'd with a loose arrant, which he bore
 To a new Mistress, and was now t' advise
 Upon some trick, to hide from *Jano's* eyes
Joves baudery, for he such fears can do,
 Which are his vertues, and his office to.
 When *Venus* saw him, she much joy did show,
 And said, kind brother *Mercury*, you know,
 How I esteem your love, at no small rate,
 With whom my mind I still communicate :
 Without whose counsel I have nothing done,
 But still preferr'd your admonition.
 And now you must assist me ; there's a maid
 Lies hid, whom I have long time sought, and laid
 Close wait to apprehend, but cannot take ;
 Therefore I'de have you proclamation make,
 With a reward propounded, to requite,
 Who e're shall bring, and set her in my sight.
 Make known her marks, and age, lest any chance,
 Or after dare to pretend ignorance.
 Thus having said, she gave to him a note,
 And libell, wherein *Psiche's* name was wrote.
Hermes the powerful, and al-charming god
 Taking in hand his soul constraining rod,
 With which he carries, and brings back from hell,
 With *Venus* went, for he lov'd *Venus* well ;
 'Cause he in former time her love had won,
 And in his dalliance, had of her son

Begot, call'd the *Hermaphrodite*, which is
 The Boy, that was belov'd by *Salmacis*.
 Thus both from heaven descended, open cry,
 In express words, was made by *Mercury*.

O yes, if any can true tidings bring
 Of *Venus* hand-maid, daughter to a King,
 Pliche the fugitive, of stature tall,
 Of tender age, and form celestial :
 To whom, for dowry, Art and Nature gave
 All grace, and all the comeliness they have.
 This I was bid to say, and be it spoken
 Without all envy, each smile is a token
 Sufficient to betray her. In her gate
 She *Phœbus* sister does most imitate.
 Nor does her voice sound mortal, if you spy
 Her face, you may discern her by the eye,
 That like a star, dazzels the Optick sense,
 Cupid has oft his Torch brought lighted thence.
 If any find her out, let him repair
 Straight ways to *Mercury*, and the news declare ;
 And for his recompence, he shall have leave,
 Even from *Venus* own lips, to receive
 Seven fragrant kisses, and the rest among,
 One honey-kisse, and one touch from her tongue.

Which being published, the great desire
 Of this reward, set all mens hearts on fire.
 So that poor *Psiche* durst no more forbear
 To offer up her self : then drawing near

to *Venus* house, a Maid of hers, by name.
 Call'd *Custom*, when she saw her, did exclaime,
 O Madam *Psiche*, *Jove* your honour save :
 What do you feel now, you a Mistress have ?
 Or does your rashness, or your ignorant worth
 Not know the pains we took to find you forth ?
 Sweet, you shall for your stubbornness be taught :
 With that rude hold upon her locks she caught,
 And drag'd her in, and before *Venus* brought.

The second Section.

SO soon as *Venus* saw her, she, like one
 That looks 'twixt scorn and indignation,
 Rais'd a loud laughter, such as does proceed
 From one, that is vex'd furiously indeed.
 Then shaking of her head, biring her thumb,
 She said, what my good daughter, are you come
 Your Mother to salute ? But I believe,
 You would your husband visit, who does grieve
 For the late burn, with which you did inure
 His tender shoulder. But yet rest secure ;
 I shall provide for you, nor will I swerve
 From any needful office you deserve.
 Thus winking *Venus* did on *Psiche* leer,
 And with such cruel kindness did her jeer.
 Then for her entertainment, crys, where are
 My two rough hand-maids, *Solitude*, and *Care* ?
 They enter'd ; she commands her hands to tye,
 And take the poor Maid to their custody.

Which

Which done accordingly, with whips they beat,
 And her with torments miserably intreat.
 Thus us'd, and in this shameful manner dight,
 They her, with scorn, reduce to *Venus* fight :
 Who smiling said, 'tis more than time, that I
 Should set my Nymphs all to work sempstery,
 And make your Baby-Clouts : why this is brave,
 And you shall *Juno* for your Mid-wife have.
 Where will you lie in ? how far are you gone ?
 That's a great motive to compassion.
 And I my stile must rather boast, than smother,
 That in my youth shall be call'd Grandmother.
 But by your leave, I doubt these Marriages,
 That are solemniz'd without witnesses :
 Without consent of friends, the parties state
 Unequal to, are scarce legitimate,
 And so this child, they shall a bastard call :
 If yet thou bringst forth any child at all.
 Then to begin with some revenge, she rose ;
 And all her ornaments did discompose,
 And her discolour'd Gown in pieces pull,
 And whatsoever made her beautifull.
 But least her sufferings should all passive be,
 She turns her punishment to industry,
 And takes of several Seeds, a certain measure ;
Wheat, Barley, Oates, and a confused treasure
 Of *Pease*, and *Lentiles*, then all mixt, did pour
 Into one heap ; with a prefixed hour,
 That ere her self should on our Hemisphear,
 That might as the bright evening Star appear.

Pfiche each Grain should rightly segregate,
 rasque for twenty to elaborate.
 This work assign'd, *Venus* from thence did pass;
 To a Marriage Feast, where she invited was.
 Poor *Pfiche* all alone amaz'd did stand,
 Nor to this labour would once set her hand :
 In her own thoughts judging her self unable,
 To vanquish that, was so inextricable ;
 When lo, a numerous multitude of *Ants*,
 Her neighbours, the next fields inhabitants,
 Came thronging in, sent thither by some power,
 That pity took on *Cupid's* *Paramour*.
 Nor would that wrong should be without defence,
 And hated *Venus* for her insolence.
 All these by an instinct together met,
 Themselves in a tumultuous method set
 On work, and each grain *Arithmetically*
 Subtract, Divide, and after Multiply.
 And when that this was done, away they fled :
 Each grain by its kind distinguished.
Venus now from the Nuptial feast was come,
 Her breath perfum'd with wine, and *Balsamum*,
 Her body was with twines of *Mirtles* bound,
 Her head with Garlands of sweet *Roses* crown'd.
 And seeing this accomplish'd task, she said
 Hufwife, 'twas not your handy work convey'd
 These Seeds in order thus, but his, that still
 Persists in love, to thine, and his own ill.
 Then on the ground she threw a crust of bread,
 For *Pfiche's* supper, and so went to bed.

Cupid the while, in a back room was put
 Under the same roof, and in prison shut :
 A punishment for his old luxury,
 Least he with *Psiche* should accompany :
 And so by too much straining of his side,
 Might hurt his wound, before 'twas scarrif'd :
 But when the *Rosie* morning drew away,
 The sable curtain, which let in the day,
Venus to *Psiche* calls, and bids awake,
 Who standing up, she shews to her a Lake,
 Environ'd with a rock, beyond whose steep
 And craggy bottome, graz'd a flock of sheep :
 They had no shepheard, them to feed or fold,
 And yet their well-groan fleeces were of gold.
Pallas sometimes, the precious locks would cull,
 To make great *Juno* vestures of the wooll :
 Fetch me, says *Venus*, some of that rich hair,
 But how you'l do it, I nor know, nor care.
Psiche obeys, not out of hope to win,
 So great a prize, but meaning to leap in,
 That in the marish she might end her life,
 And so be free'd from *Venus*, and her strife :
 When drawing near, the wind inspired reed,
 Spake with a tuneful voice, *Psiche* take heed,
 Let not despair thee of thy soul beguile,
 Nor these my waters with thy death defile :
 But rest thee here, under this Willow-tree,
 That growing drinks of the same stream with me ;
 Keep from those sheep, that heated with the Sun,
 Rage like the *Lion*, or the *Scorpion*.

None can their stony brows, nor horns abide,
 Till the days fire be somewhat qualifi'd.
 But when the vapour, and their thirst is quencht,
 And *Phæbus* horses in the Ocean drencht,
 Then you may fetch, what *Venus* does desire,
 And find their fleecy gold on every bryer :
 Th' oraculous Reed full of humanity,
 Thus from her hollow wombe did Prophecie :
 And she observing strictly what was taught,
 Her apron full of the soft mettle brought,
 And gave to *Venus* ; yet her gift and labour
 Gain'd no acceptance, nor found any favour.
 Know the author of this fact, says she,
 How 'twas the price of his adultery.
 But now I will a serious trial make,
 Whether you do these dangers undertake
 With courage, and that wisdom you pretend,
 To see that lofty Mountain, whence descend
 Black-colour'd waters, from earth horrid dens,
 And with their boilings wash the *Stygian* fens.
 From thence augment *Cocytus* foaming rage,
 And swell his channel with their surplussage.
 So now, and some of that dead liquor skim,
 And fill this christal Pitcher to the brim :
 Bring it me straight, and so her brows did knit,
 Threatning great matters if she fail'd of it.
 With this injunction *Pfiche* went her ways,
 Hoping even there to end her wretched days.
 But coming near to the prefixed place,
 Whose height did court the clouds, and lowest base,

Gave those black streams their first original,
 That wearing the hard rocks, did headlong fall
 Into the *Stygian* vallies, underneath
 She saw a fatal thing, and full of death,
 Two watchful Dragons the straight passage kept,
 Whose eyes were never seal'd, nor ever slept.
 The waters too said something, *Psiche*, flye ;
 What do you here ? depart or you shall dye.
Psiche with terrour of the voice dejected,
 And thought of that might never be effected,
 Like *Niobe*, was chang'd into a stone,
 In body present, but her mind was gone.
 And in the midst of her great grief, and fears,
 Could not enjoy the comfort of her tears.
 When *Jove*, whose still protecting providence
 Is ever ready to help innocence :
 Sent the *Saturnian* Eagle, who once led
 By *Love*'s impulsion, snatcht up *Ganimes*
 To be *Jove*'s Cup-bearer, from *Ida* hill,
 And ever since bore *Cupid* a good will :
 And what he could not to his person show,
 Resolv'd upon his Mistress to bestow.
 Then with Angelick speed, when he had left
 Aires high tracts, and the three Regions cleft,
 Before her face he on the meadow sate,
 And said, alas, thou inconsiderate,
 And foolish Maid, return back, go not nigh
 Those sacred streams, so full of majesty.
 What hope hast thou those waters to procure,
 Which *Jove* himself does tremble to abjure ?

No mortal hand may be allow'd to touch,
 Much less to steal a drop, their power is such.
 Give me the Pitcher, she it gave ; he went
 To *Stix*, and fain'd that *Venus* had him sent.
Psyche the Urne did to his tallons tye,
 Then with his plumed oars poiz'd equally,
 He lets it sink betwixt the very jaws
 Of those fierce Dragons, and then up it draws,
 And gives it *Psyche* ; she the same convey'd
 To *Venus*, yet her pains were ill apaid ;
 Nothing her rage might expiate, but still
 The end of one begins another ill.
 For ought, says *Venus*, that I gather can,
 You are a Witch, or some Magitian.
 What else can be concluded out of these
 Experienc'd impossibilities ?
 If your commerce be such then, you may venter
 Boldly to Hell, and when you there shall enter,
 Me to my cousen *Proserpine* commend,
 And in my name intreat her she would send
 Some of her Box of beauty to me ; say,
 So much as may suffice me for a day :
 Excuse me to her, that my own is spent,
 I know not how, by an ill accident,
 I am asham'd to speak it, but 'tis gone,
 And wasted all in curing of my Son.
 But be not slack in your return ; for I
 Must with the gods feast of necessity.
 Nor can I thither go, without disgrace,
 Till I have us'd some art unto my face.

Psyche conceiv'd now, that her life, and fate,
 And fortunes all were at their utmost date,
 Being by *Venus* cruelty thrust on,
 Towards a manifest destruction :
 Which she collects by argument, that thus
 With her own feet, must march to *Tanarus*.

In this delusive agony she rose,
 And by degrees, up to a Turret goes,
 Whose top ore-look't the hills, it was so high,
 Resolv'd to tumble headlong from the sky :
 Conceiting as her fancy did her feed,
 That was the way to go to Hell indeed.
 But then a suddain voice to her did call,
 Which brake out of the cavernes of the wall,
 That said, ah coward wretch, why dost thou yeild
 To this last labour, and forsake the field ?
 Whilst *Victory* her Banner does display,
 And with a profer'd Crown, tempts thee to stay.
 The way to Hell is easie, and the gate
 Stands ope ; but if the soul be separate
 Once from the body, true, she goes to Hell :
 Not to return, but there for ever dwell.
Vertue knows no such stop, nor they, whom *Jove*
 Either begot, or equally does love.
 Now list to me ; there is a fatal ground
 In *Greece*, beyond *Achaja's* farthest bound,
 Near *Lacedemon*, famous for the rape
 -*Paris* on *Hellen* made, and their escape.
 'Tis quickly found ; for with its steemy breath
 It blasts the fields, and is the port of death.

The path, like *Ariadnes* clue does guide
 To the dark Court, where *Pluto* does abide :
 And if you must those dismall regions see,
 Then carry in your hand a double fee.
 For *Charon* will do nothing without money ;
 And you must have sops made of meal and honey.
 'Tis a doubtful passage, for there are
 Many Degrees, and Laws peculiar
 Must strictly be observ'd ; and if once broke,
 No rancome, nor entreaty can revoke.
 Nor is there prosecution of more strife,
 But all are penal Statutes on your life.
 The first as you shall meet with, as you passe,
 Is an old man come driving of an Ass, so
 Decrepid as himself, they both shall sweat
 With their hard labour, and he shall intreat,
 That you would help his burthen to untie ;
 But give no ear, nor stay when you go by.
 And next you shall arrive without delay
 To flow *Avernu's* Lake, where you must pay
Charon his waftage, as before I said,
 For avarice does live among the dead :
 And a poor man, though tyde serve, and the wind,
 The no stipend bring, must stay behind.
 Here as you sail along, you shall see one
 Of squalid hue, they call *Oblivion*,
 Leave up his hands, and on the waters float,
 Saying, you would receive him in your Boat :
 But know, all those that will in safety be,
 Must learn to disaffect such piety.

When you are landed, and a little past
 The *Stygian* Ferry, you your eyes shall cast,
 And spy some busie at their wheel, and these
 Are three old women, call'd the Destinies;
 They will desire you to sit down, and spin,
 And shew your own lifes thread upon the pin.
 Yet are they all but snares, and do proceed
 From *Venus* malice, to corrupt your creed.
 For should you lend your help to spin, or card,
 Or meddle with their distaff, your reward
 Might perhaps slip out of your hand, and then
 You must hope never to come back again.
 Next, a huge Mastiff shall you see before
 The Palace-gate, and *Adamantine* door,
 That leads to *Dis*, who when he opens wide
 His treple throat, the ghosts are terrifi'd
 With his loud barkins, which so far rebound,
 They make all Hell to Eccho with their sound:
 Him with a morsel you must first assuage,
 And then deliver *Venus* Embassage.
 For *Proserpine* shall kindly you intreat,
 And will provide a banquet, and a seat.
 But if you sit, sit on the ground, and taste
 None of her dainties, but declare in haste
 What you desire, which she will straight deliver:
 Then with those former rules, pass back the river.
 Give the three-headed dog his other share,
 And to the greedy Marriner his fare.
 Keep fast these precepts whatsoever they be,
 And think on *Orpheus* and *Euclidice*.

But above all things, this observe to do,
 Take heed, you open not, nor pry into
 The beauties Box, else shall you there remain,
 Nor see this Heaven, nor these Stars again.
 The stone inclosed voice, did friendly thus
Psiche forewarn, with signs propitious.

The last Section.

SO soon as *Psiche* got all things together,
 That might be useful for her going thither,
 And her return, to *Tanarus* she went,
 And the Infernal passage did attempt :
 Where all those strange, and fatal prophecies
 Accomplisht were in their occurrences.
 For first she passes by with careless speed,
 The old man, and his Assle, and gave no heed
 Either unto his person, or desire.
 And next she pays the Ferry-man his hire ;
 And though oblivion and the Fates did wo her,
 With many strong temptations to undo her,
Alfisses like, she did their prayers decline,
 And came now to the house of *Proserpine*.
 Before the Palace was a stately Court,
 Where forty Marble-pillars did support
 The roof and frontis-piece, that bore on high
Pluto's own statue, grav'd in Ebony.
 His face, though full of majesty, was dim'd
 With a sad cloud, and his rude throne unrim'd :
 His golden Scepter was eat in with rust,
 And that again quite overlaid with dust.

Ceres was wrought him by, with weeping eyne,
 Lamenting for the loss of *Proserpine*.
 Her daughters rape was there set down at full,
 Who while that she too studiously did pull
 The purple Violet, and sanguine Rose,
 Lillies, and low grown Pansies; to compose
 VVreaths for the Nymphs, regardless of her health
 'Twas soon surpriz'd, and snatcht away by stealth.
 Forc'd by the King of the infernal powers,
 And seem'd to cry, and look after her flowers.
Enceladus was strecht upon his back,
 VVhile *Plutoes* Horse-hoofs, and Coach did wrack
 His bruised body. *Pallas* did extend
 The *Gorgons* head. *Delia* her bow did bend;
 And Virgins both, their Uncle did defy
 Like Champions, to defend virginity.
 The Sun, and Stars were wrapt in fable weeds.
 Damp't with the breath of his *Tanarian* Steeds.
 All these, and more were portray'd round about,
 VVhich filth defac'd, or time had eaten out.
 Three headed *Cerberus* the gate did keep,
 VVhom *Psiche* with a sop first laid to sleep;
 And then went safely by, where first she saw
 Hells Judges sit, and urging of the law:
 The place was parted in two several ways,
 The right hand to *Elysium* conveys;
 But on the left, were malefactors sent,
 The seat of tortures, and strange punishment.
 There *Tantalus* stands thirsty to the chin,
 In water, but can take no liquor in.

Ixion too, and *Sisiphus* ; the one
 A wheel, the other turns a restless stone.
 A Vulture there on *Titius* does wreak
 The God's just wrath, and pounding with his beak,
 On his immortal liver still does feed,
 For what the day does waste, the night does breed :
 And other souls are forced to reveal,
 VVhat unjust pleasures they on Earth did steal ;
 VVhom fiery *Phlegeton* does round inclose,
 And *Stix* his waves does nine times interpose.
 The noise of whips, and Furies, did so fright
 Poor *Psiche* ears, she hasted to the right.
 That path way straight, for on each side there grew
 A Grove of mournful *Cypress* and of *Yew* :
 It is the place of such as happy dy.
 There, as she walked on, did Infants cry,
 VVhom cruel death snatcht from their teats away,
 And rob'd of sweet life, in an evil day,
 There Lovers live, who living here, were wise ;
 And had their Ladies, to close up their eyes.
 There Mighty *Heroes* walk, that spent their blood,
 In a just cause, and for their Countries good.
 All these beholding through the glimering air,
 A moral ; and so exquisitely fair,
 Thick as the mores, in the Sun beams came running
 To gaze, and know the cause too of her coming ;
 Which she dissembled, only askt to know,
 Where *Plato* dwelt, for thither she must go :
 A guide was straight assign'd, who did attend,
 And *Psiche* brought safe to her journies end,

Who being entred, prostrate on her knee,
 She humbly tenders *Venus* Embassy.
 Great *Plutoes* Queen presented to her guest,
 A Princely *Throne* to sit on, and a feast,
 Wishing her taste, and her tyr'd limbs refresh,
 After her journey, and her weariness.
Psiche excus'd it, that she could no stay,
 And if she had her errand would away.

But *Proserpine* reply'd, you do not know
 Fair Maid, the joys and pleasures are below,
 Stay and possess whatever I call mine,
 For other Lights, and other Stars do shine
 Within our territories, the day's not lost,
 As you imagine, in the *Elysian* coast.
 The Golden Age, and Progeny is here,
 And that Fam'd Tree, that does in *Autumn* bear
 Clusters of Gold, whose Apples thou shalt hoard,
 Or each meal, if thou please, set on the board.
 The Matrons of *Elysium* at thy beck,
 Shall come and go; and buried Queens shall deck
 Thy body, in more stately ornaments,
 Then all Earths feigned Majesty presents:
 The pale and squalid region shall rejoyce,
 Silence shall break forth a pleasant voice:
 Stern *Pluto* shall himself to mirth berake,
 And crowned Ghests shall banquet for thy sake;
 New Lamps shall burn, if thou wilt here abide,
 And nights thick darkness shall be rarifi'd,
 What ere the winds upon the earth do sweep
 Rivers, or Fens embrace, or the vast deep,

Shall

Shall be thy tribute, and I will deliver
Up for thy servant the *Lethæan* River :
Besides the *Parca* shall thy hand-maids be,
And what thou speak'st stand for a destiny.

Pfiche gave thanks, but did her plainly tell,
She would not be a Courtier unto hell :
When wondring that such honours did not please,
She offer'd gifts far richer then all these.
For as a Dowry at her feet she laid
The mighty engines which the world upweigh'd,
And vow'd to give her immortality,
And all the pleasures and the royalty
Of the *Elysian* fields; which wisely she }
Refus'd, for hell, with all their power and skill,
Though they allure, they cannot force the will.

This vex'd fair *Proserpine* any should know
Their horrid secrets, and have power to show
Unto the upper world what she had seen
Of hell and *Styx*, of *Pluto* and his Queen :
Yet since she might not her own Laws withstand,
She gave the box of beauty in her hand.

And *Pfiche* with those precepts us'd before,
The Sun's bright beams did once again adore.
Then, as she thought, being out of all controul,
A curious rashness did possess her soul,
That flighting of her charge and promis'd duty,
She greatly itch'd to adde to her own beauty ;
Saying, Ah fool, to bear so rich a prize,
And yet through fear dost envy thine own eyes.

The happy object, whose reflexion might
 Gain thee some favour in young *Cupid's* sight :
 The voice forbid me, but I now am free
 From *Venus* vision and Hell's custody.
 And so without all scruple she unlocks,
 And lets forth the whole treasure of the box,
 Which was not any thing to make one fair,
 But a meer *Stygian* and infernal air ;
 Whose subtle breathings through her pores did creep,
 And stuf't her body with a cloud of sleep.

But *Cupid*, now not able to endure
 Her longer absence, having gain'd his cure,
 And prun'd his rusted wings, flew through the gate
 Of his close prison, to seek out his Mate :
 Where finding her in this dull Lethargy,
 He drew the foggy vapour from her eye,
 And that her stupid spirits might awake,
 Did all the drowsie exhalation shake
 From off her sense ; she shut it up, and seal'd
 The Box so fast, it ne'r might be reveal'd.
 Next with his harmless Dart, small as a pin,
 He prick'd the superficies of her skin,
 Saying, what wondrous frailty does possess
 This female kind, or rather wilfulness ?
 For loe, thy foolish curiosity
 Has tempted thee again to perjury.
 What proud exploit was this ? what horrid fact ?
 Be sure, my mother *Venus* will exact
 A strict account of all that has been done,
 Both of thy self and thy Commission.

But yet for all this trespass, be of cheer,
 And in a humble duty persevere ;
 Detain from *Venus* nought that is her own,
 And for what else remains let me alone.
 Thus *Psyche* by her Lover being sent,
 And waxing strong through his encouragement,
 The Box of beauty unto *Venus* brings,
 Whilst *Cupid* did betake him to his wings :
 For when he saw his mother so austere,
 Forc'd by the violence of love and fear,
 He pierc'd the Marble concave of the sky,
 To heaven appeal'd, and did for justice cry,
 Pleading his cause, and in the sacred presence
 Of *Jove* himself did his Love-suit commence.

Jove at his sight threw by his rays, so pure,
 That no eyes but his own might them endure :
 Whom *Cupid* thus bespake, Great *Jove*, if I
 Am born your true and lawful progeny ;
 If I have plaid between your arms, and fate
 Next to your self, but since grown to a state
 Of riper years, have been thought fit to bear
 An equal sway, and move in the same sphere
 Of honour with you, by whose means, both men
 And gods have trembled at my bow, as when
 Your self have darted Thunder-bolts, and slain
 The earth-bred Gyants in the *Phlegrian* plain.
 And when in several scales my shafts were laid
 VVith your own *Trident*, neither has our-weigh'd.
 I come not now that you should either give,
 Confirm, or adde to my prerogative :

But

But setting all command and power aside,
 Desire by Law and Justice to be tri'd.
 For whither else should I appeal? or bring
 My cause, but to your self, that are a King,
 And father to us all, and can dispence
 What right you please in Court and Conscience?
 I have been wrong'd, and must with grief indite
 My mother of much cruelty and spight
 To me and my poor *Psiche*: there's but one
 In the whole world, that my affection
 And fancy likes, where others do enjoy
 So many; the diversity does cloy
 Their very appetite: yet who but owes
 All his delight to me? and *Venus* knows,
 By her own thoughts, the uncontroled fire
 That reigns in youth, when *Love* does him inspire;
 Yet she without all pity or remorse,
 Me and my Mistress labours to divorce.
 I cover no one's Spouse, nor have I taken
 Another's Love; there's not a man forsaken,
 Or *god*, for my sake, that bewails his dear,
 Or bathes his spoiled bosome with a tear.
 Then why should any me and my Love sever,
 That joyn all other hearts and loves together?
Jove heard him out, and did applaud his speech,
 And both his hand and scepter to him reach.
 Then calling *Cupid*, his smooth fingers laid
 On his *Ambrosiack* cheek, and kissing, said,
 My little youngster, and my son, 'tis true,
 That I have never yet receiv'd from you

Any due reverence or respective meed,
 Which all the other *gods* to me decreed.
 For this my heart, whose high preheminance
 Gives Edicts to the Stars, and does dispence
 The like to nature, your fine hand the while
 With earthly lusts still labours to defile;
 And contrary to publick discipline,
 And 'gainst all Laws both Moral and Divine,
 Chiefly the *Julian*; thou dost fill mine eyes
 With many foul and close adulteries.
 For how oft-times have I, through vain desire,
 Been chang'd to beasts, birds, serpents, and to fire?
 Which has procur'd ill censures, and much blame,
 And hurt my estimation and my fame:
 Yet being pleas'd with this thy foolish sport,
 I'm loath to leave it, though I'm sorry for't;
 And on condition thou wilt use thy wit
 In my behalf, and mind the benefit,
 I will perform all thy demands: if when
 Thou seest fair Damsels on the earth agen,
 Remembring thou wast brought up on my knee,
 That every such Maid thou wilt bring to me.

Cupid assents. Then *Jove* bid's *Maya's* son
 Publish a royal Proclamation
 Through the precincts of Heaven, and call at once
 A general Council and a Sessions,
 That the whole bench and race of deities,
 Should in their several ranks and pedigrees
 Repair straight to his Court, this to be done
 In pain of *Jove's* displeasure, and a sum

Of mony to be laid upon his head,
 And from his lands and goods be levied,
 If any *god* should dare himself absent,
 For any cause, from this great *Parliament* :
 And that whoever had his name i' th' book
 His fine, but his excuse should not be rook.
 This being nois'd abroad, from every where
 The lesser *gods* came thronging out of fear,
 And the celestial Theatre did thwack,
 That *Atlas* seem'd to groan under his pack.
 Then *Jove* out of his Ivory Throne did rise,
 And thus bespake them, Conscript deities,
 For so the *Muses*, with their whitest stone,
 Have writ your names and titles every one.
 You know my Nephew *Cupid*, for the most
 Of us, I'm sure, have felt him to our cost,
 Whose youthful heat I have still sought in vain,
 And his licentious riot to restrain.
 But that his leud life be no farther spread,
 His lusts nor his corruptions published :
 I hold it fit that we the cause remove,
 And bind him in the fetters of chaste love :
 And since that he has made so good a choice
 Of his own wife, let each *god* give his voice,
 That he enjoy her, and for ever tie
 Unto himself in bands of matrimony.
 Then unto *Venus* turning his bright face,
 Daughter, he says, conceive it no disgrace
 That *Psyche* marries with your son ; for I,
 That where I please give immortality,

Will

VWill alter her condition and her State,
And make all equal and legitimate.

With that command to *Mercury* was given,
That he should fetch fair *Psiche* unto heaven :
And when that she into their presence came,
Her wondrous beauty did each god inflame.

Then *Jove* reach'd forth a cup with *Nectar* fraught,
And bad her be immortal with the draught :
So joyn'd them hand in hand, and vow'd beside,
That she with her dear *Cupid* should abide,
Ne'r to be separate ; and more t'enlarge
His bounty, made a feast at his own charge,
VWhere he plac'd *Cupid* at the upper end,
And amorous *Psiche* on his bosom lean'd.
Next sat himself and *Juno*, then each guest :
And this great dinner was by *Vulcan* dress'd.
The *Graces* strew'd the room, and made it smile
VVith blushing *Roses* and sweet flowers, the while
The *Spheres* danc'd harmony. *Apolls* ran
Division on his Harp, *Satyr* and *Pan*
Plaid on their Pipes : the *Quire* of *Muses* sang,
And the vast concave of *Olympus* rang
VVith pious acclamations to the Bride,
And joy'd that *Psiche* was thus decid.
Hermes and *Venus* mov'd their graceful feet,
And did in artificial measures meet ;
The *Phrygian* Boy fill'd wine at this great Feast
Onely to *Jove*, and *Bacchus* to the rest.

Thus *Cupid* had his Love, and not long after
Her womb, by *Juno*'s help, brought forth a daughter

A child by nature different from all,
 That laugh when she was born, and men did call
 Her *Pleasure*, one that does exhilarate
 Both *gods* and men, and doth her self dilate
 Through all societies, chiefly the best,
 Where there is any triumph, or a feast.
 She was the *Author* that did first invent
 All kind of sport, conceits and merriment :
 And since to all men's humours does incline,
 Whether that they be sensual or divine,
 Is of a modest and a loose behaviour,
 And of a ferled and a wanton favour ;
 Most dangerous when she appears most kind,
 For then she'l part and leave a sting behind :
 But happy they that can her still detain,
 For where she is most fix'd she is least vain.

F I N I S.

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